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THE POPULARITY OF BYRON.

'His power of attaching those about him to his person was such as no other man I have ever seen possessed. No human being could approach him without being sensible of this magical influence. There was a mildness and yet a decision in his mode of conversing, and even in his address, which are seldom united in the same person. He was full of sensibility, but he did not suffer his feelings to betray him into absurdities.'

'The whole world seemed to be darkened for me.'

'I was told [of Byron's death] in a room full of people. If they had said the sun and the moon had gone out of the heavens, it could not have struck me with the idea of a more awful and dreary blank in the creation, than the words "Byron is dead."'

THESE three expressions of opinion, called forth by Byron's death one hundred years ago, came from persons of widely different temperament—the first from his oldest, staunchest, and wisest friend John Cam Hobhouse; the second from Alfred Tennyson, then a lad of fifteen years of age; and the third from Jane Welsh Carlyle, who, like Tennyson, had never even seen Byron.

There have been men possessed of a magnetic power which either attracted or repelled those who came under its influence, not only during the lifetime of the possessor, or as the result of personal contact, but 'also after death. They have, however, as a rule, been men of action, such as Cromwell or Napoleon, and I think it would be difficult to find another example among men of letters besides Byron. If we attempt to understand his wayward character we must keep steadfastly in mind two salient facts which dominated his career, his acts, and his writings.

First is what Macaulay—no very sympathetic judge—calls
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'the magical potency which belongs to the name of Byron' and which has already been alluded to.

Secondly, the environment of his childhood. He never knew a father, and perhaps in his case this was no great disadvantage, as his father gave no promise of a good influence. His mother was a woman of unrestrained impulse and passion, qualities which he no doubt inherited from her.

One day the late Lord Dufferin was calling on my father, and standing in front of Mrs. Byron's portrait he said 'Murray, who is that?' 'That,' said my father, 'is Lord Byron's mother.' After gazing at it for some time, Lord Dufferin said 'Ah! I now understand Byron's wayward character better than I ever did before.' The kindness, the wise control and guidance and the companionship which should belong to childhood were denied him. We know of no regular religious or moral training that he underwent; and thus it came to pass that he was thrown unarmed, and unprotected by any sound principles, into the midst of a society more dissolute and more attractive than any which can be found in England since the days of the Restoration. Who can be surprised if, like Wycherley, but with more excuse, he fell a victim to its allurements?

Mr. Chew,¹ with infinite pains and great literary skill and discrimination, has collected a record of the literature which has grown up around the life and writings of Byron, and it is doubtful if any English writer—with the exception of Shakespeare—has been the subject of so great a mass of comment, criticism, and imitation as has Byron; and this growth has not been sporadic, nor has it belonged to one generation alone, but has been continuous throughout a century. In it we see at work the action of the forces of attraction and repulsion to which I have already referred.

It is not surprising that Southey was bitter against his brother bard. They met for the first time at Holland House on September 26, 1813, and Byron wrote to Moore, 'Yesterday at Holland House I was introduced to Southey—the best-looking bard I have seen for some time. To have that poet's head and shoulders, I would almost have written his Sapphics. He is certainly a prepossessing person to look on, and a man of talent and all that.'

The remaining eleven years of Byron's life were spent in bitter controversy with Southey, culminating in a challenge to a duel, which Douglas Kinnaird wisely refused to deliver. It is not to

¹ *Byron in England: his Fame and After Fame.* By Samuel C. Chew, Professor of English Literature in Bryn Mawr College, U.S.A.

Southey's credit that on hearing of Byron's death he could write : ' I am sorry for his death, because it comes in aid of a pernicious reputation which was stinking in the snuff.'

Wordsworth was hostile ; and Campbell prudently, if not very magnanimously, refrained from attacking Byron till after he was dead.

Scott and Lockhart, though always frankly critical, were invariably generous and fair, as was to be expected of them.

Some there were who wavered in their allegiance to one side or the other, such as Carlyle and Ruskin, and of this class I will select one example.

In 1846 Browning wrote :

' Lord Byron is altogether in my affection again. I am quite sure of the great qualities which the last ten or fifteen years had partially obscured. Only a little longer life, and all would have been gloriously right again. I have always retained my first feeling for Byron in many respects. I would at any time have gone to Finchley to see a curl of his hair or one of his gloves—I am sure—while heaven knows—I could not get up enthusiasm enough to cross the room if at the other end of it all Wordsworth, and Coleridge and Southey were condensed into the little china bottle yonder.'

Yet twenty-five years later, in *Fine at the Fair*, he could write :

' him who egged on hounds to bay,
Go curse, i' the poultry yard, his kind : " there let him lay "
The swan's one addled egg : which yet shall put to use,
Rub breast-bone warm against, so many a sterile goose !'

The reference is, of course, to the famous address to the Ocean at the end of the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*.

Whether it be due to the irony of fate, or to a singular lack of humour on Browning's part, it is a strange thing that he, of all men, should bring against anyone a charge of misuse of the English language. No one can mistake Byron's meaning, but no one has explained—or possibly has cared to try to explain—what Browning means by these fearfully involved and incomprehensible constructions.

The main interest in this wanton attack lies in the fact that it gave rise to a controversy which began in a long correspondence in *The Times* in 1873, and went on intermittently till 1922, when I was able to give the true solution.

Hobhouse and Gifford read all the proofs of the fourth canto, and made notes on them before they were sent to Byron in Venice.

In 1922 I unexpectedly found these proofs, in which against the words 'There let him lay' Gifford had written 'I have a doubt about lay.' Byron's MS. note thereon is 'So have I, but the post, and *Indolence and Illness* !!!'

Mr. Gladstone, who was one of those who took a keen interest in the controversy, wrote to my father: 'I refer you to Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, section "The Gloves, Paris." "It (the counter) was narrow, and there was just room for the parcel to lay between us." I cite this as a twin error, not as an authority.' On my father inquiring whether he might quote this comment in public, Mr. Gladstone replied giving his consent, and adding: 'Byron seems to me to have used the language always as a master; sometimes as a tyrant.'

Shelley, critical and even adverse at first, became in the end a whole-hearted admirer of Byron's poetry. In regard to *Don Juan* he wrote: 'The love-letter, and the account of its being written, are altogether a masterpiece of portraiture of human nature, laid with the eternal colours of the feelings of humanity. Where did you learn all these secrets? I should like to go to school there.' And again: 'You have already given evidence of very uncommon powers. Having produced thus much—with effort as you are aware wholly disproportionate to the result—what are you not further capable of effecting?'

It would be superfluous to enter into any details of the leading critics of more recent years who have been able to estimate the value of Byron's poetry in fuller perspective, and with calm judgment—such as Matthew Arnold, John Morley, John Addington Symonds, W. E. Henley, and Professor Grierson; suffice it to say that they all recognise the greatness and permanence of his work.

I do not, however, think that full justice has yet been done to Byron as a letter-writer. His letters, especially those to my grandfather and Moore, which he probably knew would be read by his, and their, friends, are perhaps unsurpassed in originality, sparkle, and spontaneous wit. They bear witness moreover to the wide range of his reading and to the retentiveness of his memory.

It is a commonplace to say that Byron's literary reputation underwent an eclipse. The extent of that eclipse is variously estimated by the force of attraction or repulsion felt by those who measure it. It was, moreover, an eclipse rather of the critical estimates of his person and writings than of his popularity.

I can at least testify from one indisputable source that his popularity has never seriously waned, as there has been a large

and constant demand for all the editions of his books. By 1870 practically all had passed out of copyright, and some twenty years later the printer of a series of one-volume collected editions of our poets told me that, judging by sales, the order of popularity was Shakespeare, Longfellow, Byron—who stood thus at the head of the list.

Such adverse feeling as there was arose, in the first instance, from *Cain*—which in these less scrupulous days would probably have raised no storm of protest—and the attacks on the Royal Family, in connection with which it is amusing to find George IV. condemning Byron for ‘blasphemy and licentiousness.’ And yet it was of *Cain* that Goethe wrote: ‘Its beauty is such as we shall not see a second time in the world,’ and Scott that ‘the very grand and tremendous drama of *Cain* had matched Milton on his own ground.’

It is not for me to enter into a discussion of the literary merits of Byron’s work: this has been done fully by abler pens than mine, but of Byron’s present popularity I have perhaps as good opportunity of forming an opinion as anyone now living. Since I came into possession of No. 50 Albemarle Street, on my father’s death in 1892, a continuous stream of visitors, year by year, has come to see the collection of Byron’s MSS. and other relics which it contains. The larger number of these visitors are strangers to me, and come at their own request; they have included all nationalities, German, French, Greek, and especially American, amongst whom there seems to be a large and devoted body of admirers. One of them tells me that in sixteen States of the Union there are towns named after Byron. Before the war one or two German professors came to study certain of the MSS. and to collate them, which they did with Teutonic patience and thoroughness.

I have been struck by the fact that, with very few exceptions, these visitors, who are now numbered by hundreds, came not from mere curiosity, but showed a real interest in Byron and knowledge of his work.

The MSS. themselves afford interesting indications of Byron’s character and methods of work. The handwriting suggests haste and impulsiveness, and perhaps the most notable of them is that of the third canto of *Childe Harold*. The first draft is written on paper of various kinds and shapes, and on the back of prospectuses or of lists of clothes. The Waterloo stanzas are on a uniform series of sheets and in one colour of ink, showing that they are the outcome of one continuous inspiration. He was probably

regardless of what is now called *technique* : of the process of final polishing of a whole poem ; but most of his finest passages, such as that in *The Giaour* beginning

‘ He who hath bent him o’er the dead,’

were evidently due to sudden bursts of inspiration.

Most of the MSS. before *Don Juan* were carefully copied before being set up in type, as the innumerable corrections would make them unintelligible to any ordinary compositor.

The fair copy of the third canto of *Childe Harold* is in the handwriting of Claire, the mother of Allegra ; that of the fourth canto is in Byron’s own best and most careful script. *Werner* was written out by Mrs. Shelley, who often acted as Byron’s amanuensis in his later years.

In the heat of inspiration he would add passage after passage as successive editions were called for in hot haste. The first draft of *The Giaour* consisted of 406 lines and the first printed edition of 460 lines ; and within a few weeks, in 1813, it had grown to its present length of 1334 lines. I have the original draft and the various addenda in MS. and a series of all the successive proofs carefully preserved by my grandfather.

Even if Byron took no pains to revise and polish his poems as a whole, the innumerable corrections, additions and interpolations in most of his original MSS. clearly prove that he did take infinite pains over certain passages, and they form a striking contrast with the MSS. of Scott, which seem to have poured forth in finished form from his prolific brain, as there are hardly any alterations in them.

It would, I fear, be wearisome to readers if I were to attempt to give even a brief *catalogue raisonné* of the various odds and ends comprised in my collection, but before closing I should like to add a few words about the rooms in which the collection is installed.

I sometimes wish that the ghosts of some of their frequenters would pay me a visit. It was here that my grandfather used to hold his literary levees a hundred years ago—Scott and Lockhart, Gifford, Croker, Canning, Isaac D’Israeli and his son Benjamin, Moore, Crabbe, Rogers, Hallam, Sir John Barrow, Heber, and, in more recent years Livingstone, Stanley, Milman, Grote, Borrow, Elwin, Sir Henry Layard—to name no more. It was at these gatherings that the idea of founding a club for literary and scientific men arose, which ultimately took shape in The Athenæum.

My rooms are essentially as they were in 1824: the fireplace where Byron's memoirs were—most unwisely—burned is unchanged; the portraits, the bookshelves, Byron's folding screen with engravings of famous pugilists on one side and of actors and actresses on the other, and most of the old furniture remains.

Among my grandfather's papers has been preserved this carefully written memorandum in his own handwriting:

'1815 Friday April 7. This day Byron and Walter Scott met for the first time and were introduced to each other by me. They conversed together for nearly two hours. There were present at different times Mr. Gifford, James Boswell, William Sotheby, Robert Wilmot, Richard Heber and Mr. Dugate.'

Byron's best friends and admirers, unfortunately, cannot defend or excuse all that he did or said. His impish tendency to exaggerate his own misdoings, the slanders which many of his enemies, and some who ought to have been his defenders, have heaped upon him, and his magnetic powers of attraction and repulsion, which I mentioned at the beginning of this article, must all be taken into account if we are to attempt to form a balanced judgment. And so must his moral defencelessness when brought face to face with a fiery trial of temptation such as few men have had to contend with.

At the end his better and nobler nature was reasserting itself, and a true purpose in life appeared to be drawing out the best of his abilities and of his character; but the change had only begun to work, and what its results might have been we cannot say. *Dis aliter visum.*

In conclusion I can but state that from various parts of the world—and from persons unknown to myself—I continue to receive messages to the effect that '1924 is the centenary of Byron's death: England must commemorate the event. We are all waiting for a lead in order that we may take our part in it.'

And so I maintain that the popularity of Byron is as great and as fully alive as it ever was, and it will remain so if we

'Consider this,

That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation; we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.'

JOHN MURRAY.

IMAGINED BYRONS.

BY ROWLAND GREY.

DESPITE high-brows who make their foolish boast that they cannot read Byron, he reigns best-seller among the bards after Shakespeare and, *mirabile dictu*, Longfellow. A dozen towns are called after him in America, and Byron the man is of such perennial interest that the very critics who neglect his work show the liveliest curiosity regarding this inexhaustible field for speculation and surmise.

Of making many books regarding him there is no end, and much study of them is apt to lead to weariness, not to say exasperation. Amid this formidable mass, however, a curious little group arrests attention, each containing an imaginary Byron delineated with more—or less—skill.

'Glenarvon' yesterday, 'Ariel' to-day—with 'Venetia,' 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' and 'Bendish'—these suffice to underline the popularity of the Byronic legend, even without the delightful evidence of the comic Byron of a serious French play.¹ The genesis of 'Glenarvon' is familiar. It is a wild farrago, once rejoicing the malicious by its venom, and Mrs. Grundy revelled in it with the excuse that it was most salutary as an Awful Warning. It may be noted that a novel with a purpose, 'Byron the Self-deceived,' was contemporaneous. The ordeal of reading it proves that it was not an anonymous attempt to draw from the life of its namesake, although the title may well lead to this mistake.

Lady Caroline Lamb's luckless passion for Byron caused her to turn him into copy. George Sand did the same thing uncensured, possibly because she did it well and her ladyship very badly. An existing 'Glenarvon' boasts a key in neat manuscript. By this we learn not merely that Byron was the hero, but that poor old Rogers sat for 'the pale poet, the yellow hyena.' The Princess of Madagascar making her exit in a repulsive death scene was Lady Holland; the insipid Miss Monmouth, Lady Byron. Glenarvon takes a parlous time to appear, threatening, like Daudet's 'Arlésienne,' to be for ever expected. This is an artful and

¹ The first copy of 'Byron à l'École de Harrow' was sent to the late librarian, Brian Piers Lascelles, from Paris by Mr. Bence-Jones, O.H., for the Vaughan Library.

successful ruse to set everybody abusing him. 'He is a dishonour to his sex.' 'It makes me mad to see how you all run after him.' 'The Arch-fiend Glenarvon.' 'His appearance frightful and mean,' etc., etc. Tortuous and tedious, 'Glenarvon' has the saving grace of a rich vein of unconscious humour. To 'If ever I loved another it was thy Aunt' we may owe the 'Bab' ballad of 'Sir Conrad and the Rusty One.' 'I am not a fly to be trodden upon, but a viper to sting thee to thy heart,' is another gem. Calantha first meets 'Nemesis' tootling upon the flute, an instrument usually thought to pucker the mouth unbecomingly. 'Yet she felt the empire, the charm of those features.' When she asked the recreant for a lock of his hair, her hated rival sent 'a braid of her own instead'—a feline amenity worth the attention of the bald. There is always a public for the *roman à clef*, even had Byron never provided one by his proficiency in the gentle art of making enemies. 'Glenarvon,' destitute of literary merit, was the rocket of a season soon burnt to a dead stick.

It is a far cry from this rubbish 'By Lady C*** L***' to the serious homage of 'Venetia.' Disraeli owned it 'an attempt to set forth' the Byron he adored, without however the trammels of history. Later, Lord Iddesleigh insisted 'If Byron's day should come again, the powerful painting of Cadurcis will be a treasury of surpassing worth.' Scepticism is excusable. In four hundred pages 'Venetia' has scarcely a smile, save when my Lord 'grinned a ghastly smile at the rabble.' Disraelian sparkle there is none. 'Cadurcis is all spirit'; his diet of biscuits and soda-water is said 'to make him more interesting.' In literature, 'I believe in Plato . . . and among the moderns, Bayle,' is his creed. Lady Caroline figures as the outrageous Lady Mounteagle bringing the blameless Cadurcis to duels, divorces, and dishonour, Disraeli storming at society for making him 'the periodical victim.' Shelley as heavy father is ineffective. He and Cadurcis are drowned together, and after the lovely Venetia has nearly drowned herself in 'pearly fugitives,' a touch of bathos weds her to the successor to the title. Of it all one familiar phrase remains: 'Poets are the legislators of the world.'

Mrs. Humphry Ward is equally solemn. In 'Lady Rose's Daughter' Lord Lackington remarks: 'Lord Byron said to me once, he would not change anything in his life but would prefer not to have lived it.' It is, however, in 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' that Mrs. Ward used the story of Lady Caroline with

sufficient effect to win high praise. Yet the book is weak where strength is essential to give it lasting quality. Lady Kitty, hovering near her dawn of insanity, is realised with insight and tenderness. Poet Cliffe, the devastating serpent on the hearth of the pattern husband, is a failure recalling the sharp stricture in 'Beppo' of the 'can't-be gentlemen,' an emasculated fellow all unlike his robust model. For Byron linked one virtue with his alleged thousand crimes, inasmuch as he was before all things a man. Cliffe's fatuity irritates, and suggests that Lady Kitty was infatuated because she was not normal.

It is otherwise with the brilliant 'Bendish' of Maurice Hewlett, an arresting and vivid impression of a chameleon personality. He gives us added cause to regret his vacant place when he says 'I have many more things to say about Bendish'—unquestionably the best of the imagined Byrons. There is a bold defiance of convention making him 'ripe and real,' detaching him satisfactorily from 'the nonsense of the stone ideal.' 'Bendish' dares to deal with Don Juan twice worsted. Both women are alive—the dainty 'Keepsake' maid Miss Rose Pierson, the subtly captivating lady faithful in unfaith, known best as 'Mrs. Lancelot.' All is plausible and fresh. Hewlett lays less stress on the over-described Byron *à bonnes fortunes*, in order to dwell on his meteoric career in politics.

There is sound criticism of 'The Billiad,' otherwise 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' read aloud by Bendish to the dazzled Rose and her amazed aunt. 'The fault—and it was a fault of youth—was that it spared nothing, but mocked the evil with the good.' The publication of 'Childe Harold' is a prominent episode :

'On the issue of "The Wanderer," George, Lord Bendish, stood before the town as a young man of tempestuous passions, of sorrows, of grandiose ambitions, of much miscellaneous and elegant learning, and of an eloquence such as has not been heard in English poetry since the times of great Elizabeth. . . . It handles the primal emotions in the grand manner, and is very dignified, but persistently despondent; it deals with women more in sorrow than in anger; it frequently appeals to Heaven. It borrows largely from nature in her more terrific moods and manifestations. Chasms and torrents, rainbows and rolling clouds, mountain peaks and venerable towers on the borders of lakes, these and other splendid witnesses assist at the obsequies of the poet's affections. Italian skies, Claude-Lorraine landscapes with a happy and brightly dressed peasantry in the foreground, Rome, Vesuvius, and the island of

Capri, these phenomena also, dipped in the heart's blood, made prismatic with tears. . . . Never did the heartless dealer of a mortal blow produce a greater cataclysm in nature.'

'In stature dainty—small like that lithe minion
Who wrought a ten years' havoc in old Troy.'

Is it Bendish or Byron speaking?

It has, however, been left to French collaborators to endow us with a seeming impossibility—a brand-new Byron—Byron the prig. He has been found guilty of much by his detractors; it has been left for Messieurs Cogniard and Burat to create with a beautiful respect—Byron the prig.

'“Byron à l'École de Harrow”
Episode mêlé de Couplets'

is printed in a tiny tome elegantly bound in purple moiré silk and appropriately reposing in the Vaughan Library. It is undated, and published where never a Byron lurked previously. 'Librairie spéciale d'éducation pour l'enfance et la jeunesse.' It deserves rescue from oblivion. No Belloc in jest could have bettered the cautionary tale of these worthy gentlemen in all the importance of being earnest. Some topsy-turvy version of Byron's share in the rebellion at the school, when Dr. Butler was Headmaster, evidently reached Paris. That Byron led it, that Richardson, a future judge, stayed the destruction of the historic fourth form room by gunpowder plot, with a melodramatic appeal to the incendiaries to spare the names of their ancestors cut upon its panels—such are the facts.

It was an unexpectedly saintly Byron who preened it before the footlights at the first—was it the last?—representation of the 'Episode' with its intriguing music at the 'Théâtre des jeunes élèves de Monsieur Comte le 19 Novembre.' Dates make it possible, if uncertain, for this to have been the great Comte at a period when financial stress forced him to take pupils. The cast is as follows:

'Monsieur le docteur Drury Principal de l'École de Harrow.

'Georges Byron.

'Clare—Ami de Peel et de Byron.

'Lady Byron.

'May Gray—Bonne de Byron.

'Olivier, écoliers.'

The sole scene is a schoolroom. The plot turns upon a revolt against the tyranny of Dr. Drury in allowing only one hour for the writing of an essay on 'The Appeal of Spartacus to the Gladiators to break their chains.' This done, the 'victor' is to be crowned with laurels with much state and ancientry. Peel—a deep-dyed villain this—heads the rebellion. Byron comes a-peacemaking in portentous tirades full of 'a nice derangement of epitaphs.' Both evince a Silas-Wegg-like propensity to drop into verse, and their bursts of song are sudden.

'Au lever du rideau la fermentation la plus violente règne parmi les écoliers à la tête desquels se trouve Robert Peel,' soloist in a ditty set to the Belgian air 'En Avant, Marchons.'

'Amis, crions à bas les maîtres,
Formons contre eux nos pelotons.
Ce sont des lâches et des traîtres ;
Qu'ils tremblent ! nous nous revoltons.

Chorus—'Courage ! à bas tous les maîtres !

* *Solo*—PEEL : 'Si par hasard leurs ordres téméraires
Nous défendaient malgré nous de crier,
Armons nous de nos dictionnaires,
Et battons nous de nos encriers.'

Dr. Drury arrives with threats to imprison Peel, who retorts : 'Nous nous moquons de vos corrections et de vous. (*aux écoliers*) C'est un vieux radoteur.' All echo the sentiment, and Drury replies in the vein of the immortal Tartarin when harassed by the malaperts of Tarascon :

'Messieurs [he thunders] Il vous en coûtera d'insulter ainsi les cheveux blancs de votre principal. Écoutez moi une dernière fois—rentrez aussitôt dans vos classes ; sinon, j'appelle la garde, et les soldats du roi se chargeront de punir les mutins de l'école de Harrow.'

Peel, like the classic fowl, remains 'more than usual calm' till Byron bustles in to preach and to prose, when he may be excused for remarking :

'Georges Byron, ce n'est pas de sermons qu'il nous faut.'

But nothing stops Byron the majestic, described as the son of Sir Johnny.

'Mes amis, vous n'exécuterez rien de ce que Robert vous conseille. Avant vous, nos pères ont joué dans les cours de cette école. Ils ont grandi dans ces salles d'étude, j'en atteste leurs noms inscrits encore sur les murs avec la pointe de leurs canifs. La pensée ne leur sera jamais venue d'incendier l'école de Harrow.'

Finally prose is inadequate for his emotions and he warbles to the tune of 'L'Époux Imprudent' (!)

'Qui d'entre vous a le cœur assez bas,
De flétrir le nom de ton père.'

Clare, much moved, responds vocally :

'Merci pour ta prudence,
Ta voix nous éclairera.'

Then Byron gets his innings with his hand on his heart :

'Point de Reconnaissance,
Ma récompense est là.'

A brain-wave now reveals to him how the atrocious Peel may be converted. He is quite sure—and this is the one life-like trait—that he can surpass everybody. He will pen a lofty thesis, 'born of ancient legends told me by my nurse, and of the Sacred Book I have never forgotten.' Peel shall copy it and both be crowned, no one, of course, having any suspicions. Peel agrees readily, relating how last holidays :

'Mon père me demande où était ma couronne ? Et le rougeur sur le front, je gardis le silence. Alors deux grosses larmes s'échappent des yeux de mon père.'

He owns he would rather refrain from burning Harrow School than see an aged parent weep, concluding in a comforting song, 'Tout est commun entre amis ! Tra-la-la !' With an eye to business he urges Byron to cease talking and do his bit. This gives Olivier an opening to use the air of 'Bonaparte à Brienne.' He is nothing if not martial, though Byron's nurse arrives in full Scotch costume to denounce the folly of the son of a brewer expecting military glory. Olivier continues to see red.

'Du carnage que je vais faire
J'ai d'avance le frisson !'

Dr. Drury then passes time by addressing the invisible soldiers,

until the arrival of Lady Byron where—delicious incongruity—nurse, doctor and Lady Byron unite in a gay trio :

‘ Ah pour nous quel plaisir extrême ! ’

Lady Byron, peeping at her son engrossed in his task, has her long solo prophesying :

‘ Le laurier vainqueur brillerait sur ta tête, ’

gloating over the prospect, after *des murmures flatteuses*, of informing the crowd she is his mother. Cheering up for another trio

‘ Ah cher Docteur au revoir, ’

she relapses into doleful sentimentality regarding her all-perfect son. Then comes the meeting, with her news that the child of ‘ Sir Johnny ’ is now a peer of the realm, the gifted authors following the invariable French rule of originality as to British titles. Byron falls at her feet, gasping out :

‘ Moi Georges Byron je serais Lord !
Moi pair d’Angleterre ! Oh ! voyez, ma mère,
Voyez que je pleure de joie ! ’

Lady Byron is not too much shocked to sing rather than say :

‘ Relevez vous, Byron, pair d’Angleterre, ’

while Byron gracefully explains that peers kneel to their mothers if nowhere else.

Peel, the practical, hints that as Byron is in such luck he might do the handsome and let him have the crown to himself. Byron, after a grand rant, peppers his MS. with errors, and rushing to ask Dr. Drury to let him take half Peel’s thrashing, receives the thrilling answer, ‘ Byron, voilà un trait qui vaut la grâce à votre imprudent ami. ’ But Byron cannot be present to witness the disappointment of his mother and her hopes of seeing the laurel crown glittering on her boy’s head, whereby he secures a fine opportunity for soliloquy. Accordingly Peel is moved to public confession—with chorus :

‘ Quelle belle journée pour notre ami Byron !
Dans la foule étonnée a retenti son nom. ’
‘ De tant d’éclat quand l’homme s’environne
L’enfant seul sera-t-il sans couronne ?
C’est une fleur qui manque à sa couronne ;
Daignez lui jeter cette fleur ! ’

A letter written by Mrs. Byron in 1803 might suggest a fresh scenario to the enterprising :

'DEAR SIR,—You may well be surprised, and so may Dr. Drury, that Byron is not returned to Harrow, but the truth is I am unable to get him to return to school, though I have done all in my power for six weeks. He has no indisposition that I know but love, desperate love, *the worst of all maladies in my opinion.*'

What a part Byron's affair with Mary Chaworth would have given Master Betty, the 'Infant Roscius' whose 'Hamlet' drew all the town although 'quite a miniature affair.'

To look for a contemporary French Byron is to find 'Ariel.' Monsieur Maurois made his Colonel Bramble irresistible and secured a wide circle of readers for the novel he has founded on Shelley. Save for one jarring exception his 'Ariel' is a delicate study in fine silver-point. Godwin, Harriet, Mary, Claire, stand out with distinction. Byron alone fails to convince, he has nothing of Hewlett's sure touch. Audacious Claire *fatiguée de sa vertu* seeks a poet lover.

'Elle n'en trouve un plus digne d'elle que Georges Gordon Lord Byron qui était alors l'homme le plus admiré et le plus haï d'Angleterre. Elle savait par cœur ses poèmes que Shelley lisait souvent à haute voix avec enthousiasme ; elle connaissait la légende de vice et d'esprit, de charme diabolique et d'inférieure cruauté qui s'était formée autour de son nom. La beauté de l'homme, la grandeur du titre, le génie de l'écrivain, la hardiesse des idées, le scandale des amours, tout s'unissait pour faire de lui le parfait héros.'

Monsieur Maurois is plainly anxious we should prefer the elfin 'Ariel.' Of Byron he says :

'On racontait dans le peuple Vénitien que le seigneur Anglais avait quelque part dans la ville, où une muse ne suffisait pas, il réunissait les neuf sœurs. Toute une légende s'était formée ; les Anglais du passage parlaient de Néron.'

Before Byron left England, 'La curiosité la plus passionnée avait entouré son départ : Le monde qui punit si durement les révoltes de l'instinct les envie au fond et les admire.' At Dover crowds assembled to see the Pilgrim step on board, including lovely ladies disguised in the frocks of their maids. This is but the old well-worn Byron of the mixture of Don Juan and Lara. 'Ariel'

moralises over him : ' Au souci si vif chez Byron, de son succès, des bavardages de Londres, il opposait la vraie gloire. . . . La gloire suit ceux qu'elle est indigne de guider.' Byron exclaims of Shelley dead, ' Et quel gentleman, le plus parfait que j'ai connu.' He is taciturn in 'Ariel,' but the rest make amends by discussing him incessantly, talking far better than the smart set in 'Glenarvon.' It was Byron's obsession, we know, to make himself worse than he was, and Monsieur Maurois has not followed his lead. His Byron has not the strength either of virtue or vice. True, Byron had all the defects of his qualities, yet what of the qualities themselves ? His best parodist, Andrew Lang, understood him when he said of his torrential genius :

' None of your brooks that modestly meander,
But swift as Awe along the Pass of Brander ! '

FILMING FLY-FISHING.

BY GEORGE SOUTHCOTE.

IN these days of strenuous competition for the means of livelihood, a large, and apparently increasing, number of people have little time to read. They get their impressions of life in other parts of the world partly from illustrated daily newspapers, and partly from 'the pictures' or, more familiarly, the 'movies.' Promoters of discord in the world thus find at their disposal an instrument far more powerful than the printing press, or even the snapshot camera. While a daily newspaper article or illustration is seen (probably only glanced at) by a few thousand people in one country, a film holds the close attention of as many millions, of several nationalities, in different quarters of the globe. As a medium for spreading ill-will between nations it is unrivalled, and we all know that the products of ill-will of all sorts (especially war) have a high 'news-value.'

The following story, which bears upon my point, reached me some time ago from a reliable American source :

'A conscientious war artist was sent to Cuba, early in the year 1898, by a celebrated—"notorious" would perhaps be a more suitable word)—newspaper proprietor or firm. Finding time hanging heavily upon his hands, and feeling some qualms about drawing money for doing nothing, the artist sent a cable to his employers to the effect that there appeared to be no prospect of a war, so he proposed to return. The reply came back promptly : "You provide the pictures. We provide the war."'

That expression, 'The Pictures,' has now acquired another meaning. I was honoured not long ago by an invitation to lunch with some eminent film magnates after the display of some beautiful historical films, which claimed to depict dramatic episodes in our national history without departing from the truth. The luncheon was excellent, and the company interesting and entertaining. We sat at table for nearly four hours, listening to speeches. I was feeling somewhat overwhelmed with oratory, when my attention was riveted by hearing one of the speakers mention the name of the same firm of newsvendors, about whom the Spanish war story of 1898 was told. He added that films purporting to portray normal life in England, but entirely misrepresenting it, were now being displayed all over the world, especially in countries where

the prestige of the British has hitherto stood very high. For instance, in the Far East, films of Chinese vice-dens in the neighbourhood of the London Docks were being shown as typical of the ordinary life of an Englishman, and the same sort of thing was going on in India, in Turkey, in Russia, and in parts of Africa where it is important that the credit of the white man should stand high with native races.

Soon afterwards an opportunity offered of helping a firm of film-makers to produce views of English and Scottish river-side scenery, introducing, by way of incident, my favourite sport of fishing, especially fly-fishing. This sport seemed to me to be a form of activity more typical of the average Englishman's life than the frequenting of opium- and dope-dens, so I seized upon the idea and at once offered the filmer the use of my house, garden, and surroundings, and such limited skill as I possess in the casting of a dry-fly for trout.

The time of the year was suitable; spring, with the countryside looking its best. We generally get an early rise of May-fly in our river, a questionable advantage to the votaries of the dry-fly, but all to the good from the film-picture point of view. Of the results of that effort, more anon. There was time, before tackling the dry-fly, to take another subject, the Mecca of the fly-fisher, a good spring salmon-river, in the North of Scotland. A few letters to friends, explaining the object in view, worked the oracle, the film folk rose to the occasion, and a skilled operator was soon on his way to the North with the necessary equipment. I have since been shown the results of his efforts, which excel all my expectations. They give an excellent idea of the glorious sport of salmon-fishing in spring, and of typical incidents and excitements that go therewith. The train speeding northward through well-remembered scenes. Sights passed on the way to the first pool on the beat to be fished; the sheep, lambs, and bird-life of the strath, the deer-forest sanctuary, and a glimpse of a fine herd of red deer. Still pictures, it may be said, can show us all this, but then we come to the river itself: the torrent over the big falls, the boiling cauldron beneath, the varied pools and casts with foothold for the angler on rock, shingle, or bank of heather, and the flowing and swirling water. For the proper depiction of these, still pictures would be useless; such sights depend for their fascination so much upon movement which holds and attracts the eye, and this the film can give us.

So far the play described has been without its actors; the

angler (casting his fly, fishing the pool, hooking, playing, and landing his fish), the gillie in attendance, a typical Scotsman whose companionship and friendship one counts high amongst the pleasures of the sport, and the spring salmon, that silver embodiment of grace and vigour, the king of all British fishes. It is only of late years that an organised attempt has been made to solve the life-history of the salmon. There are now Blue Books galore on the subject, and many dissertations by fishermen and by naturalists to help the seeker after knowledge. With their aid, and the assistance of a pocket magnifier to examine the scales, you can tell the age of every fish. In certain rivers you may sometimes find attached to his fin a little label, whereby it will be possible to calculate the number of months that he (or she) has spent in absorbing heavy marine diet in the sea to cause him to reach his present weight; you can thereby judge how far Charles Kingsley was right when he wrote about the 'worthy gentleman salmon, who is generous enough to go down to the sea weighing five ounces, and to come back next year weighing five pounds, without having cost the soil or the State one farthing' ('Water Babies').

These details are important to the naturalist, to the fishmonger, and to the consumer. To the angler the experience sometimes comes to watch another phase of a salmon's life, the desperate struggle to surmount tremendous torrents in his long journey from the sea to the spawning-grounds in the upper waters of the river. With the strength of a salmon in a pool the successful fisher is well acquainted, he knows of it by experience with hooked fish. Of the effort exerted when ascending a great cascade he knows little. He can only watch and marvel at it. The rapid movements of powerful tail and fin cannot be followed by the human eye, but the camera has now helped to disclose the secret. The operator had equipment in reserve for taking pictures by the now familiar 'ultra-rapid' process, in case opportunity should offer. It is not possible to convey by still pictures a true impression of the results, because the efforts, the failures, and the ultimate dramatic achievement can be shown only by the actual moving film. Suffice it to say that now, for the first time, the eye of the naturalist can follow the whole process.

Passing to the angler. From the point of view of the onlooker, the most interesting and exciting part of the sport is the hooking, playing, and landing of a fish, especially if there are moments of breathless excitement and doubt, and of difficulties surmounted. These, as every salmon-fisher knows, occur only at long intervals

spent in sheer hard toil, in casting constantly with a heavy rod in every condition of weather, in adverse gusts of wind, in rain, in sunshine, it may be in snowstorms. I call to mind one season's salmon-fishing (lasting thirteen days), fishing for six or seven hours a day—say about eighty-five hours' real hard work with a rod—result blank. Such experience will be recognised by all followers of the sport. To the sportsman, then, the play of the rod, causing the movement of the line and fly in the air with a minimum expenditure of effort, is a subject for useful investigation. It has been written about at length in several books, and explained, somewhat inadequately, by the aid of still diagrams. It had never, to my knowledge, been shown actually in operation until this film was taken.

It may be said that it is not possible to produce a film of salmon-fishing which truly represents the vigour, persistence, and endurance required of followers of that sport. I agree. Good films are expensive things to produce, and they must be marketable. To be marketable they must attract the public. The great virtue of film work, as compared with still photography, is that incident and movement can thereby be reproduced. That is what the present-day film 'audience' wants, so in these fishing-films exciting incidents, which as every fisherman knows really occur only at long intervals, have been selected for depiction; a minute of the film-run may therefore represent an hour or more of fishing experience. This will be recognised by followers of the sport; for others, wishing only to witness the cream of it, such matters are left to the imagination.

A few words about the film-artist with the camera. His physical strength, agility, patience, and endurance must exceed that of the angler. I do not know the weight of a good film-taking camera. My own experience in carrying one for a few yards along a level river-bank was that my strength gave out in a few minutes. How the operator who took this salmon-film could have carried that same camera many weary miles over rough heather and slippery rocks for about three weeks or more, waiting in all weathers for his opportunities, is beyond my understanding. If the result of his efforts helps to give to other nations a better idea than they have at present of the truth about life in Britain, to film audiences in this country the chance of seeing some of the joys of country life, and to keen anglers the opportunity of recalling happy days in a Scottish strath, then those efforts should be well repaid.

With the various complicated processes which intervene between

the production of a film and its exhibition I am but vaguely acquainted. I understand that, after production, a film negative is usually sold to a 'renter,' who hires out pictures printed from it to exhibitors, or to owners of picture palaces. To what extent the British public will be given an opportunity of deriving as much pleasure as I have from seeing this particular salmon-fishing film, I do not know. I hear that it has been shown in London, and that it is now going all over the country under the name of 'Battles with Salmon.'

A film having been secured of salmon-fishing in one of the best spring rivers in Scotland, with sunshine on the pools, snow on the mountains, and all the invigorating surroundings of the sport, the next step was to endeavour to produce one of dry-fly fishing for large trout in a typical chalk-stream valley in the South of England. The requirements for this were: a valley enclosed by chalky downs, a silver chalk-stream meandering through rich water-meadows with cattle knee-deep in the lush grass, an angler and his family living a normal English country life in an old English house, and, last but not least, trout rising to fly. There was one other requirement, of which more anon. I will pass to my experience of the actual taking of pictures with the objects already mentioned, to enable less fortunate folk in this country to share the joys of a dry-fly day, and to give to other nations a better idea of the true England, and life therein, than they are likely to gather from the anti-British propaganda films with which the overseas market, especially in the East, has lately been flooded; such, for instance, as those pictures which I have mentioned of the underworld in the worst slums of big cities.

Let me say at once that to be filmed when dry-fly fishing is not an experience to be commended as a branch of sport. It is not one that I would willingly repeat. It was only rendered tolerable by the boon companionship of the manipulator of the camera, an ex-officer, wounded and decorated in the war, with a genius for getting on well with all sorts and conditions of men, and with tales to tell of Gallipoli, of Egypt, and of France and Flanders, that almost (not quite, I fear) compensated for the feeling of exasperation at the constant sense of posing before the camera. There is no connexion whatever between publicity and sport, least of all with the sport of fly-fishing, and visions of a subsequent 'scenario' constantly intervened to spoil all the usual enjoyment of surroundings.

It is just as well, before you embark on any new form of activity,

to read books about it. This is what I read in the 'Writer's and Artist's Year-Book' about film scenarios. 'The first need of film stories is to get right away from the hackneyed puppets of the screen.' That seemed simple. This, as far as I knew, was to be the first dry-fly film ever taken. 'Construct a good story with psychology, action, and emotion.' There is plenty of psychology and emotion about all sports, the difficulty lies in conveying it, unless you have trained your face to 'register' anticipation, expectation, realisation, and so on. I let those pass. 'Action' will be mentioned again. 'Real people in real episodes should be chosen.' That was clearly all right. 'Scenario editors will often tell writers that they want more "punches" in the story.' 'Punches!' In 'the contemplative man's recreation'! But it seems that a 'punch' is something that 'either arouses the emotions of the audience, or else gives an actor the chance of a big scene.' Judging by the number of passers-by who stop on a bridge to watch a fly-fisher (and so ruin his sport, if he is working up-stream towards them), it seems obvious that fishing, even when unsuccessful, is a sport that can be relied upon to arouse the emotions of an audience. Crowds assemble to watch even the small tiddler-fishers in the ornamental waters of the London parks.

For the other alternative, to give an actor a chance of a big scene, rising trout (if any) were selected as the prospective Hamlets in the play. Then we come to 'action' again, and there I confess that I lost heart. Visions arose before my mind of galloping up to the river on a piebald pony, firing pistols into the air; then casting right and left, with a rod in each hand, pulling out a big trout at every cast, and jerking them into the sky till they fell in showers around me. Then I read on, and found, 'What the film-man often means by action is best explained by the word "episodes" . . . a chain of episodes leading up in a connected story to a climax.' Given a good rise of fly, there was every prospect of the artist's requirements in 'action' on these lines being satisfied. To anticipate matters, they were, but it took about three weeks of days spent at the river-side, in what ought to be the very cream of the year's fishing, late in May and early in June, to produce one 'reel' of film.

Throughout nearly the whole period bitterly cold north winds blew down-stream under leaden skies. Most of the May-fly perished at their birth, and during a ten-minute interval, when I had the good luck to rise, hook, and land a 3-pounder in fine condition,

in the most beautiful 'location' on the river, a low-lying black cloud and heavy rain-squall obscured the whole scene. The final requirement, to which I referred in my preface, was a good light, with which we were scarcely favoured during those weeks in our valley excepting for a few minutes at a time.

I have often combated the constant assertion that fly-fishers must be patient folk. Persistent, perhaps, but not patient. There is always so much to see and to do by the side of a river that I have never been able to see that there was any call for patience. There are, I allow, days—especially in a gusty wind—when the hostility of inanimate objects is somewhat exasperating, but after some years one learns to bear with equanimity even that horrid little tug behind one that indicates that one's fly has caught a high reed, just as it was going forward to drop in front of the nose of a large trout. Or, still worse, the slack feeling of the line as the fly is recovered after losing its hold in a big fish that has played well for several minutes. Persistence comes to one's aid on such occasions, and the disaster is soon forgotten. For the filmed fly-fisher, matters are quite different. He needs the patience of Job, and the reason is *photographic light*. Under the drawbacks to sport imposed by a camera-man demanding a suitable setting for every incident, and, above all, a bright and clear light, persistence is of no avail. Patience alone will save the situation. I commend to fellow-anglers, if such there be, who pride themselves upon their patience, some such trial of it as this.

A fortnight of glorious May weather. A few May-fly showing, increasing daily in number. Trout beginning to nose at them, but not really taking. A certainty of good sport if the same conditions obtained the next day, which dawns grey and cold with bitter north wind, down-stream. The camera-man arrives, and we wait throughout that day and the two next by the river-side. Scarcely a fly is to be seen, and no trout. Then, on the fourth day, in the afternoon, a good but patchy rise of fly. The sun comes out. Trout begin to take. The angler gets into position to cast over a good one, rising steadily. The camera is placed in readiness. A few preliminary flicks to dry the fly, ready for the critical cast. A heavy cloud comes over the sun. The light goes for the day, and operations are stopped. And so on, *da capo*, on many successive days, until the best chance of sport on that river has passed for the season. That, I agree, needs patience.

Well, in face of all these drawbacks, success was at last obtained

in 'filming' dry-fly fishing. The walk to the river, waiting for the rise, scenes on the river-bank while waiting, rises to May-fly, hooking, playing, and landing the first trout, which proves to be just under the size limit. Its gentle handling and release, none the worse for its experience, the angler having used a barbless hook. (This is a new fad, borrowed from an American angler-friend, and so far I have never regretted it. I have not lost a trout which I could reasonably have expected to land, had the hook been barbed, and, by the more rapid unhooking, I have not injured any undersized and returnable fish, as in former days.) Then the stalking, hooking, playing, and landing of a good trout well over 2 lb., the only one of that weight taken during the three weeks' 'fishing' with the handicap described, excepting the one 3-pounder, to which I have referred.

In order to complete this account of a form of dry-fly fishing which requires patience, in addition to the other qualities pertaining to the art, I must quote one more hint given in the 'Writer's and Artist's Year Book' for the current year to those aspiring to evolve 'scenarios':

'Humorous stories are wanted of the best light-comedy type, and there is probably the greatest future of all for the typical English story. . . There is no doubt that, when England has perfected her system of overseas distribution of films, these plays will be the pictures that will make money.'

For myself, I can only say that it was enough for me, under the adverse conditions described, to provide the necessary patience. I felt about as capable of providing humour under such conditions as the hero of *Pagliacci*, during his famous song. But the situation was saved. The humour was provided by others with such effect that, even in the uninspiring surroundings of the studio, the run of the film that I saw left me chuckling thereat. I am precluded by the etiquette of the industry from giving details. This film, as I understand, has also been shown to the public in London, under the name 'A Fly Fisher's Festival.' I hope that it will be sent all over the world to give to exiles on the outposts of Empire a few happy moments by running water, with trout rising therein, in one of the most beautiful and peaceful settings on earth—a chalk-stream valley in the South of England. If it is, the loss of sport during one May-fly season, which I devoted to 'broadcasting' a restful note from a happy English country home, will be sufficiently rewarded.

POKER WORK.

JOSEPH DALTON is an antique, a creature of another age, of another world. His childhood was spent far away out of sight in the Back of Beyond, incredibly remote from the evidences of civilisation that surround us on every hand. There were no telephones, no wireless, no electric railways nor trams, no cinemas, no motors, no 'planes, no nothing. He is an antique, a creature of another age.

The first thing John Ruskin remembered as an event in his life was being taken by his nurse to the brow of Friar's Crag on Derwent-water. The first thing Joseph Dalton remembered as an event in his life was seeing the Clown at Drury Lane Pantomime tickle up the Pantaloon with a red-hot poker.

The correspondents of noted periodicals have pronounced that the Cinema is a kind of up-to-date Socrates, excellent in parts, but with a tendency here and there to corrupt the youth of the nation. It shows with appalling lucidity how to commit crime in a hundred and fifty ways. Even the unexceptionable Charles Chaplin cannot be acquitted as immaculate. Thousands of young eyes have beheld him shamelessly endeavouring to commit burglary, without success it is true, by prising open a French window from the bottom with a chisel. Now behind those thousands of eyes are thousands of morals, a percentage of which must have been tarnished.

There was, as has been noted, no Cinema available for the corruption of young Joseph Dalton—indeed, so long as his father was 'in being' there was no need for any extraneous agency in that direction. His mother 'also ran.'

There was, however, the Pantomime, and, as an incentive to mischief, it did all that was required. Joseph Dalton became enamoured of the possibilities of a red-hot poker.

The unprecedented treat of a Pantomime had been part of the proceeds of an unsolicited visit on the part of his father to a villa in the remote suburbs of Kensington. It is a far cry from Hoxton to the Albert Hall; but Mr. Dalton Senior footed it all the way. Then he turned down Queen's Gate and so along the Cromwell Road past the Orchards beyond St. Jude's Church to his destination. It was an easy job—the family had gone away to the

country for Christmas and the caretaker was partially deaf and very drunk. Moreover, it was a wild night, very wet and very stormy. Mr. Dalton effected an entrance unobserved and unmolested, packed his swag at leisure, and even refreshed himself with a very late supper or a very early breakfast from the household commissariat. When he came out he found to his disgust that the storm had spent its rage and that there was a sharp frost.

Now it is a somewhat precarious matter to carry swag through the streets of London at five o'clock on a December morning. The constabulary are apt to be impertinently inquisitive. Mr. Dalton was debating as to which would be more advisable, to cut back to cover and chance the caretaker awaking late or to hide his swag somewhere in the orchards and call for it at a more convenient season. Whilst he was revolving these things in his mind a way of escape was opened.

From the neighbouring thoroughfare came the sound of a jangle of harness, a rattle of gear, and sundry vigorous expressions of dissatisfaction. Evidently a horse had come down on the glazed road. Mr. Dalton ran to the spot. One of a pair of market-gardener's horses had slipped up and the driver was vainly and profanely endeavouring to get it on its feet again. Mr. Dalton hastened to his assistance, but first, in a moment of prescience, he slung his swag over the tailboard of the cart. It was well he did so, for almost immediately afterwards a policeman appeared from nowhere after the habit of his kind.

Mr. Dalton was not on good terms with the police, albeit he had more than once made the acquaintance of their sinister lady associate, Black Maria. He observed that the constable was regarding him with that uncharitable suspicion which to his mind was characteristic of the Force. Nevertheless he helped to get the horse on its legs again and then most generously volunteered to lead it till the surface improved whilst the carter drove. It was a masterly move, and Mr. Dalton chuckled as the whole of his swag was carted away right under the policeman's unsuspecting nose.

'Unsuspecting' was a mistake. Mr. Dalton would have modified his chuckling had he observed that the constable was busy with his notebook. Moreover Mr. Dalton, for all his wily strategy, had overlooked one important fact—he had a hare-lip, a feature well and truly recorded in the Scotland Yard portrait gallery. In fact before Mr. Dalton had reached Hoxton, it was accepted at headquarters that he was responsible for the burglary at the villa. The

reason that immediate action was not taken was the desirability of coping James Dalton and the 'fence' he patronised at one and the same time. At the other end of the wire Mr. Dalton was conscious of a certain uneasiness, and determined to give Mr. Curly Mathews a rest for a time. He happened to be in funds and he would put the police off the scent by proving that 'his capacity for innocent enjoyment was just as great as any honest man's.' Before midday the immediate neighbourhood was aware that the blameless Joseph was going to take his aged Dutch and Little Nipper (these phrases are used in intelligent anticipation) to the 'Pantermine.'

People may have noted with satisfaction or otherwise that there are no intervals for refreshment at the Drury Lane Pantomime. Mr. Dalton had provided against collapse owing to thirst, and Mrs. Dalton had also taken precautions against so prolonged a period of unusual abstinence. Consequently, when they reached home after the *matinée*, they were both more or less somnolent, rather more than less. A neighbour had promised to look after the fire and had quite obviously forgotten the promise till recently. The fire had evidently been newly relit and between the bars was a poker to stimulate its returning energies.

Now Master Joseph Dalton was no less cold than his parents and in far worse case as regards the ministry of his interior. Also his mother was not indisposed for a cup of tea and some solid refreshment. The immediate difficulty was that she had let the teapot fall that morning and smashed it. The loss was not irremediable. Mr. Dalton heaved his slow bulk from his chair and departed to an inner chamber, whence he returned with a handsome 'real silver' teapot that had recently graced the breakfast-table at the villa down Earl's Court way.

Master Dalton ate voraciously for he was very hungry, Mrs. Dalton more sparingly owing mainly to excess of *apéritifs*, Mr. Dalton not at all. He had been doctored his night's rest and put into immediate practice the French proverb, 'he who sleeps, dines.' Mrs. Dalton soon joined him in a second dinner from the same *carte de menu*.

Master Joseph had no use for sleep. He sat brightly awake, rehearsing the wonderful scenes he had witnessed, whilst his father and mother functioned as the orchestra ophicleide and hautboy respectively. Being roughly nurtured and indifferently bred he failed to fall in love with either the Leading Lady or the Principal

Boy. It was the Harlequinade obsessed him, the Harlequinade and the episode of the red-hot poker.

The red-hot poker! Its counterfeit presentment was before him in the fireplace, with its glory hidden behind the bars. Very cautiously he withdrew it without disturbing a coal. The glowing point gripped his imagination. Close by slumbered Daddy with one unshapely hand hanging downwards, dangling an unsmoked pipe. What fun it would be to touch him, ever so lightly, and see whether he would howl and jump like the Pantaloon. Ma, as a subject for experiment, he dismissed at once. The third alternative was to put the hot end of the poker into his own pocket as the Clown had done, but this did not appeal.

The hot end! It was losing lustre before his eyes. It was growing duller with every second. It was cooling, cooling. It was quite black, therefore quite cool. Very gently he reached it out and delicately touched the back of Daddy's hand.

Something must have been out of joint with the stage arrangement. It was usual for the Transformation Scene to precede the Harlequinade. In this case the setting was reversed and the situation moreover rapidly deepened from pantomime to tragedy. Master Joseph, like Macbeth, was yet but young in deed. He might have replaced the poker in the grate and assumed filial anxiety for his father who, in his semi-sleepy, semi-boozy condition, would probably have attributed the burn to hot ash from his pipe or the head of a match or some other non-existent cause. As it was, he threw the poker under the table. Vain was the concealment of the instrument. Joseph's attitude confessed his guilt.

Mr. Dalton's preliminary exclamation had startled his partner from her slumber. A few short words, interlarded with expletives, explained the situation, and Joseph was forthwith tried and condemned out of hand. He was to be stripped, whipped, and sent to bed. He started howling in advance, for it was desperately evident that he was in for, quite literally, the father and mother of a hiding. Nothing, however, could have saved him, had not the poker intervened. The proper place for a semi-red-hot poker is not beneath a table, more especially when the interspace between the legs is occupied by a litter of old newspapers, rags, and so forth.

The smoke and the stench caught the attention of the parents and stayed the hand of vengeance. With the common-sense characteristic of the class in an emergency they flung open door and window to let out the smoke and, incidentally, to create a good,

hearty draught, on which the fire thrived amazingly. The draught came up the staircase and blew the smoke out of the window. Outside the window on the pavement was a constable.

He was not *the* policeman appointed by Scotland Yard for the undoing of Mr. Dalton and 'fence.' He had been posted as to the details of the burglary, of course, inasmuch as the suspected criminal was resident somewhere in the neighbourhood of his beat. The real Simon Pure was on the other side of the street, in plain clothes, wishing his colleague out of the way. The uniformed constable was just an ordinary policeman on ordinary duty. Still, clouds of smoke issuing from a window came within the scope of ordinary duty and forthwith he dashed into the house, upstairs, and through the open door into the room.

At a glance he took in, if not the whole situation, a great deal more than was required. He secured a jug of water, sluiced it over the burning litter, and trampled out the embers with his heavy boots. These occupations did not prevent him requesting Mrs. Dalton with great decision to keep her hands off the teapot. Then he went to the window and sprung his whistle.

Mr. Dalton made no attempt at resistance or escape. It was a fair 'cop' and he was in for a 'stretch.' He had been there before, and the probable consequences suggested that he would be separated from his wife and child for a considerable period. He regarded the latter with the utmost malevolence and expressed his intention of murdering him as soon as he came out. Mrs. Dalton sat in dumb dismay, punctuated by sobs and alleviated by liquid refreshment.

Mr. Dalton gave no trouble. He promised to come quietly and he did. Mrs. Dalton maintained a sullen silence. The only one who created a disturbance was Joseph. In terrified accents he implored to be taken away by the police who seemed to be arriving from nowhere and everywhere. His prayer was denied as a matter of course, and he was gathered to his mother's arms with maudlin caresses.

At the foot of the stairs *the* policeman stopped.

'You go on,' he whispered, 'I'm going to wait here a bit. I don't trust that woman. That little chap was not frightened for nothing.'

He waited a minute, two, three, five, and then from above came a pitiful wail which was immediately stifled. *The* policeman made a record up the stairs.

Joseph was lying face downwards on the table and over him

was standing his infernal mother, the hot poker in her hand. What exactly she intended to do, whether some Mikado-like sense of making the punishment fit the crime, whether there was any idea of chastisement, or whether it was sheer devilment that moved her, cannot be conjectured. The moment the policeman entered she flew at him like a Fury. It was only at the cost of a nasty burn and some severe scratches that he overcame without injuring her.

The happenings at the Police Court are too repulsive to detail. Subsequently a conversation took place between the Magistrate and the Police Court Missionary.

'I don't think that child will be safe with her, sir, when she comes out.'

'I quite agree,' replied the Magistrate. 'Can you dispose of him?'

'At once. I have promised a friend, a splendid fellow, the first waif who comes my way. All the same his mother can claim him as soon as her time is up.'

'She can,' assented the Magistrate, grimly, 'but I don't think she will.' He was a kindly man, but Police Magistrates are not appointed for want of judgment.

He was right. As soon as Mrs. Dalton emerged from durance vile, she went home, sold every stick she or her husband possessed and disappeared into that portion of hell which lies in East London. True it is that the Missionary, who was cursed with a conscience, had interviewed her, and had been told with great directness he might take himself with her son to any selected portion of that nebulous domain. Joseph, happily, had been found more comfortable quarters.

The Rev. Walter Gardiner was a man of heart and brains. He was also a man of muscle and means and a travelled gentleman to boot. He was in fact an ex-Naval Chaplain who had settled down on a Greenwich Hospital living. Finding his cure too narrow for his activities he extended them even to the East End of London, a couple of hundred miles away. His first fish was Joseph Dalton. It was a handful.

Joseph possessed the physique of a boy some three years less than his age, which was somewhere about thirteen, and the face of a lad at least three years older. His mind varied between childishness and precocity. His language was innocently and intolerably foul. Also he was unhandy and lazy.

Mrs. Gardiner was scarcely more successful, and their man of

all work effected little except a modification of expression, and that 'by apostolic blows and knocks.' Great hopes were built on their son Allen.

Allen Gardiner was so named after a distinguished namesake of the Royal Navy, the man in fact who turned down Darwin. When Darwin made his celebrated voyage, the Tierra del Fuegians were as the beasts that perish, the worst kind of beasts, and Darwin pronounced that by no possibility could they ever be raised above that level. So thought not Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., and set about founding a mission. Gardiner perished through starvation and exhaustion, but his work went on, and from foul brutes the Fuegians became decent human beings. Darwin was nothing if not honest. He admitted his mistake and set the seal on his confession by subscribing to the Mission, which is the more noteworthy as it was the only mission to which Darwin ever subscribed.

Allen was not unworthy of his namesake in his own small way. He was the star of the football team; he won the School Boxing ages between eleven and twelve, in a manner that made the twelve and upwards champion exceedingly glad he was not a couple of months older; he worked hard in school, also he kept a Barnardo Box which, thanks to his popularity, always made a handsome return. Allen was, however, no superhero. When he came home for Easter he unwittingly brought with him an unpleasant associate, yclept measles. Consequently Joseph was kept away from the sphere of his influence throughout the holidays.

Meantime a new factor had entered Joseph's life. He had never before seen flowers growing in a garden; wild flowers he never even dreamed of, and their beauty and sweetness touched his very soul and softened and refined his whole being. The man of all work whose admiration was confined to 'Eh, it's bonny,' or words to that effect, could not understand his underling's delight. Mrs. Gardiner could and waxed enthusiastic, even poetical, which was unwise. Amongst other things she pointed out the rainbow as the Paradise of Flowers which—

'When on earth they fade and perish
Blossom in the heaven above us.'

Unhappily Mr. Gardiner all unwittingly on the very same day departed from the teaching of Hiawatha and explained the prosaic, scientific cause of the rainbow, the result being to inspire Joseph with a vague distrust of the veracity of his employers, although in

no wise diminishing his love of flowers. With the end of the summer term came Allen. He took Joseph in hand almost at once, quite unintentionally.

He had heard of Joseph from his parents and, with his small mind full of curiosity and benevolence, sought him out. He came upon him in a fortunate, or unfortunate, moment, according to private judgment. Joseph had pulled the garden-cat's tail and the cat had got in a *riposte* that sent Joseph's hand to his mouth like a flash. As soon as the impediment to his speech was removed, Joseph, the man of all work not being near, proceeded to express his opinion of the cat in choice Street Arabian. It was whilst he was thus engaged that Allen came on him.

Allen's self-introduction was terse and to the point. He bade Joseph stop that filthy language and come here.

Joseph looked round indignantly. He beheld a boy of about his own age, somewhat shorter, fair of hair and grey of eye, and evidently a toff. Now Joseph had been brought up to believe that the toffs were all soft, lazy weaklings, the meet fist-fodder of the sons of toil. With a lurid expression he rushed on Allen with an attack that showed he had certainly not been trained in Wonderland.

The attack failed of its objective. It was met by a stinging blow, square on the muzzle, that sent him reeling till he caught his heel and sought a recumbent attitude.

'Get up, you little fool,' said Allen—as Captain of the Games he was accustomed to command. 'Get up and wash your dirty face. You're to come fishing with me.'

Master Allen Gardiner's methods of reformation differed from those of his noble namesake, but they were assuredly effective. Joseph arose and washed his face and followed. That punch on the nose, supplemented by those assured words of command, convinced him that here indeed was a boy and a master of boys.

More than that, Allen proved himself a magician. With a rod, a length of infinitesimally thin line and an almost invisible fly, he produced, from incredible distances, fish from water where quite obviously no fish were. He was also exceeding kind and courteous. He asked Joseph if he would mind—mind—him calling him Joe. In reply Joseph for the first time in his life used the term 'Sir,' voluntarily, without a sense of self-abasement.

A quaint friendship, distantly approximating to *camaraderie*, developed between the two boys. Allen was conscious of a de-

lightful feeling of responsibility, mingled with which was an almost feminine sense of protection : a kid of twelve was in fact out to make a man of a kid of thirteen and see that he came to no harm in the process. The sunshine of his strong personality penetrated into the dark places of Joseph's being and under its influence blighted germs began to blossom and to stretch out feelers towards the light. Joseph on his part became a hero-worshipper, compared with whom the Sage of Chelsea was a mere scoffer.

The months went by on golden wings and slid into years, and with their passage Joseph changed from a foul-mouthed guttersnipe into a decent self-respecting lad, generally well liked. He even found his way into the good books of the man of all work, in spite of being a favourite, which class the man could not abear. By and by came news of a vacancy at Chasewell Castle, down the river, for an under-gardener, which post the man elected to accept, and Joseph was left alone. The world went very well then. Joseph would serve the Rev. Walter Gardiner faithfully, and when in due course Allen succeeded him would continue his devoted servant. Thus planned Joseph in his ignorance of the world and settled himself contentedly for life where he was.

Allen's years had been somewhat more clouded. He too, like every other boy in his position, had settled his own career in advance two or three times. Naturally he was first of all to be a sailor, rising by quick gradations from Midshipman to Admiral by deeds of derring-do, quite heedless of the frightful international cataclysms such promotion would entail ; then a missionary, with intervals for recreation in the shape of big game shooting, chiefly lions ; then a soldier, again letting slip the dogs of war. Paternal fate, however, decreed that he should be a Civil Engineer, a profession offering excellent openings in those days, and which, moreover, gave the boy an advantage of knocking about and seeing a good deal of the world. It was quite a jar for Allen which might have cast a gloom over his last term had not an uncle, a most engaging liar, come to the rescue and sketched for him a picture which combined all the elements of the various professions on which he had set his heart. Perhaps after all the uncle was not so very far from the truth : it is not so long since the hinterland of Argentina was about as lively a place as the most adventurous soul could desire.

Allen's home-coming was an event for everyone at the Vicarage, especially for Joseph ; in fact, when he learned that Allen had

attained unto the honour of *Victor Ludorum*, which is Latin for Cock Athlete of the school, he executed a triumphant march on his own account round the back garden to the strains of 'See, the conquering hero comes,' also executed by himself on a mouth-organ.

Allen, though full of years and honours, was just the same as ever and discoursed confidentially with Joseph on all he intended to do and see, and the more enthusiastic he waxed, the more depressed became Joseph. In fact, he caught himself now and again half-entertaining a hope Allen might not pass those examinations on which he set so much store, a hope which came perilously near realisation. Allen, with all his good qualities, was scarcely brilliant and had to swat like smoke to squeeze through at all. Once through, however, he was all there.

With the general cussedness of things it quickly became recognised that Allen possessed exceptional ability for handling men and matters in 'foreign parts,' and consequently he was not so much at home as even his father desired, and the ex-Naval Chaplain was awake to the advantages of travel. Moreover he felt himself breaking up a little—a wicked attack of Flu had weakened his system, and he could have wished Allen had a billet at Vickers-Maxim or somewhere reasonably handy. Still, he could not compromise the boy's future, and held his peace.

Joseph mourned openly. He wilted visibly when Allen left. Mr. Gardiner, quick to realise the cause of the trouble, was more than usually kind. Allen, wretched correspondent though he was, wrote personal letters. Alas! What consolation was there in descriptions of ocean voyages and foreign lands 'when Lubin was away'?

Then came disaster. Pneumonia, following a second and relentless attack of Flu, claimed the Rev. Walter Gardiner. Allen was away, far up on the Parana. He could have got home, of course, several weeks too late to be of any possible use to anyone and absented himself several weeks too long to do anything but injury to the Company. He stayed where he was, and it was remembered to him for good. Also, even in that hour of grief and distress, he was mindful to send Joseph an excellent character which might come in useful. That letter went astray in the post.

Mr. Gardiner's successor came. It was not a case of a Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, but a Pharaoh who could not afford one. Pharaoh had in fact a grove of olive branches who devoured his substance, or, to adopt another mixed metaphor, a cradle of fat cattle

which devoured lean years. When Allen's letter at length came to hand, after a Post Office Odyssey, Joseph was not.

'Trouble brings trouble on trouble,' wrote Aeschylus. Joseph went down through no particular fault of his own. He was a decent citizen and a good gardener. Could he have secured a decent billet under a decent master all would have gone well. Unfortunately everything went wrong. It was not that he could not keep a situation when he got it. It was that the situation could not keep him. Hands were being turned off everywhere, and the newest hand was of course the first to go.

'One would say,' quoth he in the exceeding bitterness of his soul, 'that the Devil had got a down on me,' and perhaps he was not so very far wrong. Satan does not allow a black sheep to go astray without endeavouring to bring him back to the fold, and Joseph came of shady stock, sire and dam.

He had been damned into the world as effectively as if he had been one of the submerged tenth. His grandfather had, it is true, been a respectable tradesman and his father had been vicious not through pressure of environment but through innate wickedness. His mother was as bad as his father and worse. Also Joseph had inherited from somewhere incredibly remote a delicate sensitiveness which came near to proving his undoing.

Despite the bludgeonings of chance he contrived to keep a moderately stiff upper lip, heartened by the thought that Allen must soon be back, when irretrievable calamity befell him. He got into shady company, with the result that he was let in by a confidence trick of sorts. It was an old game and is not worth the trouble of describing, but the upshot was that he was sent to prison for a month for an offence of which he was entirely innocent.

The reproach broke his heart. Never again would he dare face Allen. Never again would Allen take his hand in kindly greeting. Joseph changed his name and disappeared, and not all Allen's inquiries and advertisements could bring him to light.

The months went by on leaden wings and slid into years, and Joseph drifted—and one does not drift up stream. He drifted reluctantly. Spasmodically he would wrestle with the stream till he was overborne by the remorseless slow weight of the current, then throw up his hands and sink, only to fight his way gasping to the surface again. Once more he got into shady company—into heavily shaded company. He found himself doing jobs he had better not have done for folk he had better not have known. More than once he found himself drifting perilously near the lee side

of the law, near enough to receive a friendly warning from a friendly policeman that he had better not do it again.

It was the back-end of a very vile day, neither early winter nor late autumn, but combining the objectionable qualities of both. Joseph was wretched and nature was attuned to his mood. 'The wind like a broken worldling wailed and the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drove through the air,' or would have done so had there been any to drive. As it was, in Joseph's neighbourhood, their place was taken by smuts. A sudden, homesick, Prodigal Son resolution overcame him and he determined to seek out Allen at any cost.

Homesick! He had always thought of the Vicarage as home and with some quaint instinct had never wandered far afield therefrom. It was no great distance from his present abiding place, and he chanced to have enough money to cover the return fare, and leave something over. He took the midday train for the old place. As he stepped on to the platform he experienced a strange feeling of elation and started by a short cut across the fields homewards, actually whistling.

Homewards! For him 'there was no sign of home from parapet to basement.' The garden, his delight and pride, things rank and gross in nature possessed. That everything was as well tended and appointed as straitened means and evil days would permit he did not know and would not have cared had he known. For him it was not home. He had not the heart to go to the door.

He wandered back through the straggling village. The dull windows stared a dull message at him, a message to a stranger, to an unknown. To whom was he known? To the police! Joseph laughed bitterly. From the Bull and Horns came a ring of healthy laughter. To Joseph it shouted 'Outcast' and from somewhere came a sinister 'Gaol Bird.' The clock on the little Town Hall tolled two. There was a return train in half an hour. Joseph ran to the station.

It was wickedly cold and raw travelling, and in his despondency he had omitted to fortify himself with the bread and cheese and beer for which the Bull and Horns was justly famous amongst carters and other good judges. He was chilly and empty, and as a sorrow's crown of sorrows the train ran into a fog outside the station, and when a local runs into a fog outside a big station it has got to take its turn, the manner of the turn being generally first come last served so far as it is concerned.

At length Joseph detained shivering and groped his way out of the station into the fog and drizzle. He sought solace in a packet of Woodbines and shelter in a handsome doorway. With his hat dripping over his nose, a flabby 'fag' between his lips, and his back against the brass plate on the door, he contemplated the gloomy outlook. The tragedy of the situation was that on the brass plate was inscribed 'Merryweather & Gardiner, Civil Engineers.'

'How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.'

Joseph was neither blameless nor a Vestal, but he certainly was by the world forgot, and the knowledge made him intensely unhappy. Suddenly the World intruded.

The World was well clad, well nurtured, well-to-do, very much like hundreds of other middle-class Englishmen of thirty-five or thereabouts. It was not, however, the appearance, but the voice of the World that attracted Joseph. Thus it spake.

'Hullo, Joey! Do you want to earn a fiver?'

A fiver! The magnitude of the sum electrified Joseph into resonant amazement.

'A fiver?' he exclaimed.

'Yes, you fool. There's no need to shout about it. Do you want to earn one?'

'Not half,' replied Joseph.

Then came another intrusion, this time in the shape of a well-groomed person with a gentle manner and smoked glasses.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, apologetically, 'but are these the offices of Neuman and Lister?'

'No, they're not,' replied the World brusquely.

'No offence, I hope,' came the mild reply. 'Do you happen to know where they are?'

'No, I don't!' The World was brusquer than before.

'I am sorry. I know they are somewhere hereabouts and this fog is so very confusing. Good evening,' and he walked peering to the next doorway. 'Go to the devil!' said the World.

Then he turned to Joseph.

'That's all right. Now all you'll have to do is to do as you're told and that won't be much. You know the Green Man on the Falshaw Road?'

Joseph nodded.

'Very well. Meet me there at six thirty!' and with that the World turned to go.

Joseph's brain was reeling at the prospect of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. He determined to make assurance double sure.

'Green Man? Six-thirty?' he called after the World.

'Yes, you blithering idiot,' came the savage reply, and the World was lost in the fog. In a neighbouring doorway Detective Arkwright took his smoked glasses off his nose and placed them carefully in his pocket.

'Nabbed at last, Punter!' he commented with much satisfaction. 'I'm afraid that other poor beggar is in for trouble too,' he added, regretfully. 'I didn't think he was so deep in it as that.'

Herein he did Joseph an injustice. The Punter had only addressed him as Joey because that was the first name that came into his head.

The Punter had been badly wanted by the police for quite a long time. Ostensibly he was a commercial traveller who travelled for his own firm, quite a respectable firm in a small way, and in very truth that was his occupation. It was the way he passed his nights that was suspicious and something more. He owed his immunity to working either entirely alone or employing any innocent chance dupe who came to hand, whilst he eloped with the plunder. Joseph was an ideal dummy. He looked the desired part. Of what value would his protestations be in a police court?

Joseph was as punctual as Greenwich time at the Green Man. That he was not earlier was due to sundry qualms of conscience. He knew as well as if he had been told that five pounds was not earned so easily by honest work. Still all he had to do was to do as he was told. Moreover he was cold and hungry and well-nigh penniless. He kept his assignment.

He received a hansom of his reward in the shape of a stiff whisky. That whisky was perhaps unfortunate for the Punter.

From the Green Man Joseph was pioneered in sodden silence by the Punter and at seven found himself within the gates of a considerable garden. A steady drip, drip, drip from overhead indicated the presence of trees and a dry whispering on either side told that the path was bordered with laurels. In front a deeper gloom against the gloom obscurely denoted a house. The Punter spoke quickly and to the point.

'Look here. Take this,' handing him a pin-prick electric torch

'and go up there. Just poke round and see if any of the windows are unlatched and come back and report to me. If there's anyone about, just say you're a tramp wanting a meal, but there won't be anyone about. Now be off.'

Joseph considered a moment.

'I'm not going,' he said.

'What!'

'I'm not going,' repeated Joseph, sturdily. 'I see the game right enough. Burglary! And if anything goes wrong, you hook it and leave me to be copped. No thanks! I'm not taking any.'

Joseph could feel the Punter glaring at him in the mirk.

'Now,' came his voice, 'quit that. Either you go, or one of these nights you'll get hurt and won't know what hurt you. Perhaps to-night. Now are you going?'

All the blood, or rather all the spirit of 'Sandy MacDonald' coursed through Joseph's veins making him hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

'I'll see you damned first,' he replied with great directness.

The broad beams of a bull's-eye lantern illuminated the scene. Simultaneously Detective Arkwright stepped into the path.

'Bravo, Joey!' he exclaimed. 'I didn't think you had it in you. It's no good, Punter,' he went on. 'I've got you covered, and there are two men at the gate. Hold out your hands for the bracelets. As for you,' clapping Joseph on his dank shoulder, 'call round at the Police Office to-morrow and you'll hear something to your advantage, as the lawyers say.'

'Shall I leave a man here, sir?' inquired the police sergeant who had attended to the manacling of the Punter.

Arkwright was in high good humour and laughed gaily.

'I think not, sergeant. There will be no more burglaries here to-night. Now then, Punter, march. Good night, Joey!'

The whole affair had not taken five minutes.

The next five minutes were occupied by Joseph in trying to find his way back to the Green Man. He was desperately hungry and there, at any rate, he could get a snack of something and half a pint. At the end of that time he realised that he had not the slightest idea where he was. The Punter and he had reached their objective by devious curves and the fog had come down like a blanket. Joseph was cruelly hungry. Then it was that an echo of Arkwright's voice whispered in his ear.

'There will be no more burglaries here to-night.'

Joseph hesitated for a moment, just for a moment, then plunged away into the mirk.

Not that he contemplated burglary. That idea had never so much as formulated itself. All he recognised was that he was miserably cold and wet and hungry. All he desired was food and shelter and warmth. There would surely be bread, perhaps bread and cheese in the larder, perhaps a tongue—Joseph's mouth watered—and perhaps a gas stove, Lummy! He advanced full of hope. In about two minutes another realisation came to him—that he had about as much chance of finding the house as if he were a central figure in a game of Blind Man's Buff. He had, in fact, already unwittingly 'turned round three times.' Then he found himself on the edge of a broad thoroughfare—the broad thoroughfare. It was easily recognisable by the strip of turf beside the pavement, garnished with posts and chains for people to fall over in fogs—that was how Joseph discovered it. He persevered. Once more he found himself within the gates of a considerable garden. Once more a steady drip, drip, drip from overhead indicated the presence of trees. Once more a dry whispering on either side told of a laurel border. Once more a deeper gloom against the gloom denoted a house. Also it was unlighted. As a matter of fact the houses just there were built on the edge of a hill with the best rooms facing outwards over the slope, with a basement storey at the front and the front door at the back, so to speak. Joseph did not know this. Anyway it was unlighted. Certainly it looked a little squatter than the house he had visited with the Punter, but that no doubt was owing to the vagaries of the fog.

Burglars effect entries by windows. Honest men come in by the front door. Joseph so far was tolerably honest. He tried the front door.

To his surprise and just a little to his alarm the handle turned. He hesitated, combating a strong inclination to bolt, then very cautiously opened the door and peered in. There was no one about. Joseph entered.

On the doormat he stopped to clean his boots carefully, an unconscious recollection of instruction received at the Vicarage, then leaving the door open as a means of retreat, he advanced cautiously across the hall. High up on the staircase in front he could see a light was burning.

'They've left the light on,' reflected Joseph. 'My word, won't there be a shindy when—'

His reflection remained incomplete. The front door, taking advantage of his back being turned, had swung to with quite unnecessary clangour.

Joseph said something under his breath. As if in answer came a soft, sweet voice from upstairs.

'Is that you, darling?'

'Darling' froze on the spot. Then came the voice again.

'Mary!' Then with somewhat impatient repetition, 'Mary! You can tell Cook to keep back dinner a little. I expect Master has been delayed by the fog.'

Again silence above and below. Then, above, a light sound of movement. 'Mary' side-stepped promptly through a door on the left.

He found himself in what was obviously the drawing-room, dimly lighted by a newly banked-up fire. At the far side he could just discern a large Chesterfield sofa behind which he instantly purposed taking ignominious cover. He had reached the centre of the room when the door opened and closed. Next moment the electric light was switched on. Joseph wheeled.

Just within the door was a very dainty little lady very daintily dressed. At the sight of Joseph she made a movement of retreat. He checked her with a sharp 'Hist.'

'Half a mo, ma'am, please,' he began. 'I don't mean you no harm: I don't mean anyone no harm. I got in here by accident,' which was the amazing and incredible truth, 'and——'

He stopped disconcerted. The lady was regarding him rather with contempt than alarm. Moreover she appeared not to be listening, or rather listening to something else. Then Joseph caught the sound, too.

It came from the garden, a rich, manly voice, trolling out something about 'jog, jog, jogging along the high road, when the world seems upside down.'

'That's my husband,' said the lady, sweetly.

Joseph's world seemed upside down, but the crisis discovered unsuspected possibilities.

'Look here,' he hissed with a ferocity quite foreign to his nature, 'I told you I don't mean no harm, and I don't. But don't try and give me away or——' he thrust his hand into his breast pocket. The cylinder of the pin-prick electric torch the Punter had given him stood out in sharp relief against his threadbare coat. It might have been the barrel of an automatic. The lady evidently decided

to temporise. Joseph meanwhile retreated to the shelter of some heavy damask curtains that were drawn across the window, a bay. As they settled behind him, he heard the door open.

Also he heard the sound of affectionate greeting—surely these were a happy couple, but that did not interest him. He wanted to hear words. They came.

‘You’re looking a bit upset, dearie. Anything up?’

‘Nothing. Only this horrid fog. Is there anything in the paper?’

Ears are not everything. Could Joseph have watched, he would have noted a very expressive ‘eyes’ speechless message’ pass from wife to husband. Then he heard her settling in a chair. He peered through a chink between the curtains.

The first thing he saw was a back, a back you could not very well help seeing, surmounted by a neck, a neck that came straight down from the ears to the shoulders, the sort of neck that warns men off coming to grips. Beyond was the lady in a chair, playing cat’s cradle with her fingers.

Joseph was puzzled. Had he understood the deaf and dumb alphabet, he would have been alarmed. The message of the fingers was:

‘Burglar behind curtain. Armed.’

Joseph, however, was ignorant and consequently the next words of the large man set him at his ease.

‘It’s ‘vilely cold,’ he said. ‘The fire wants routing up a bit.’

Joseph heard the noise of vigorous stirring, then silence broken by the mumbling out of an extract from the paper. The minutes dragged on.

Another noise of light stirring of coal, the approach of quick steps, and the curtain was swept aside and Joseph found himself confronted by a red-hot poker, held so close that it made his clothes sizzle, whilst a stern voice bade him ‘come out of that.’ It was not the poker, however, that Joseph heeded, it was the man! O, shame! O, misery! O, utter humiliation! It was Allen. Joseph clapped his hands to his eyes, to escape recognition, to escape seeing. Then the voice spoke again.

‘Why, it’s Joe.’

Joseph stood deep in the Valley of Degradation, his face still covered by his hands, the tears running down his cheeks. He heard Allen replace the poker in the grate, he heard him come back, he felt his hand on his arm. Joseph would not resist. There would be no need for violence.

Violence. The hand was touching him gently, almost fondling him. Then Allen spoke.

'Why, the man's half starved—and chilled to the bone, and wet. Why, Joe, Joe, where have you been all these years? I've hunted high and low for you. I thought you were dead. Come to the fire, man, and get warm.'

Joe suffered himself to be led to the hearth and seated in front of the grateful blaze. He was sobbing like a woman, but did not know it, and would not have cared if he had. Allen kept on talking.

'Now, Joe, you will have to tell me all about yourself and what you've been doing and—O, but of course, you can't yet. He must get warm first and get some food in him, mustn't he, dearie?'

Mrs. Gardiner made no response. She was gazing in speechless amazement at her husband rejoicing—rejoicing over a dirty, dank scallywag who had come into his house with felonious intent. Allen smiled.

'It is meet that I should make merry and be glad, dearie,' he said, gently, 'for this Joseph was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found.'

CLAUDE E. BENSON.

THE SCIENCE OF MEDICINE. II.

BY RAPHAEL ROCHE.

IN my previous article in the November issue I gave but one or two cases—illustrations of what I had been able to do by curative medicines employed scientifically—cases found incurable to the purely palliative system of the medical colleges. My object in thus limiting the number of examples was to minimise the shock it must be to certain sensitive orthodox people to learn that most chronic diseases can be actually *cured* by medicines. To my surprise, numerous complaints have reached me to the effect that, in order to justify my title of 'The Science of Medicine,' I should have shown a wider range of diseases than a mere case of chronic deafness from rheumatism, and one of tuberculous abscesses of twenty-four years' standing.¹ 'One swallow does not make a summer,' I am told. I propose to make amends by giving from my case-book a wider choice of material, which I hope may convince the yearners for variety that there must be science at the bottom of a system of drug-giving that can bring about such unaccustomed results.

The cases had one and all proved incurable to orthodox physicians and specialists. (As a matter of fact I treat no others.) But why should the orthodox remain so convinced of incurability generally? Bacon says of those who hinder advance in Science: 'Not content to speak for themselves, whatever is beyond their knowledge or reach, they set down as beyond the bounds of possibility.'² In this connexion I recall to mind the visit of a doctor who, hearing of my having cured a case of cancer, came to ask me: 'Do you mind telling me how you did it?'

'Not in the least,' I answered; 'by medicine, of course.'

'Oh! you're pulling my leg,' he rejoined. 'Just as if any such serious state could be cured by medicine!'

If I had told him that I had cured the case by an alteration in the patient's diet or habits of life, or by some other method, he would have entertained the possibility of it, but the predominantly

¹ A recent letter from this patient will be found towards the end of the present article.

² Bacon, *Novum Organum*, Bk. I, Aphorism LXXV.

palliative knowledge of drug-action taught him as a medical student convinces a doctor that practically all serious states must remain incurable to the administration of medicines. He is told, for instance, that the cure for malaria is quinine, the cure for epilepsy—bromide, the cure for diabetes—insulin, etc., etc. When he finds that these so-called 'sheet-anchors' fail in practice, that they are but palliatives, he is naturally discouraged, and concludes that nothing can be cured by any means, as he wrongly assumes that *all* means of cure must necessarily be contained in the studies prescribed to him. His disappointment would be less, were he taught the truth—that there is, and can be, no 'cure' for any disease or name of disease, that such is of the essence of quackery, and that each and every case must be studied individually and not lumped together with others under a name of disease (the so-called 'diagnosis') if he wishes to find the 'cure' for that particular case. This entails, of course, very much more difficult work, but then the results are very different.

One advantage of using drugs, as I do, in non-tangible doses, to awaken the vital force, is that the treatment is always harmless, whereas when drugs are used as palliatives—that is, when their direct primary action is employed to produce an effect *in spite of* the vital force—large doses are necessary, and these are often followed by considerable damage to the delicate structures of the body.

I do not mention the drugs used, for this might lead to false testing of them on supposed similar cases, but the offer that I have made to appear before the Royal Medical Council, or the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and address them on how I cure chronic disease by medicines, is always open. Were I a quack, I should take good care not to place myself in a position so open to exposure; if I am not a quack, they might obtain valuable knowledge, enabling them to erase from their *medical* portals the ominous words of Dante: 'Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'intrate.'¹ So, what have they to lose in either event? If Orthodoxy possessed a curative system of medicine, applicable to all diseases, I could understand the reluctance to adopt a rival system to replace it, but in fact there is nothing to replace. As every medical textbook proves, the orthodox are still at the elementary stage of looking for a drug or 'cure' for a disease, *i.e.* the non-existent. Total failure here is not surprising; and, without radical alteration in the basis of study, Medicine must ever remain in very poor contrast to Surgery,

¹ All hope abandon, ye who enter here.'

which has made, and is continuing to make, such rapid strides in thought and technique.

Another result of my article of November last was the wish expressed by several correspondents to know why I do not call myself a homœopath, seeing that they—the homœopaths—believe in the principle of similars, as I do; but the employment of the principle of similars alone, used by Hippocrates, Galen and many others, does not make a man a homœopath. Doctors who treat by germ injections use it on a bacteriological basis (which can never hope to rival the individual treatment of cases on a subjective sensation basis), but they do not therefore call themselves homœopaths. Homœopathy is a system containing far more than the principle of similars, and with this 'far more' I totally disagree. Not only so; I hold that this 'far more' has been the direct hindrance to the adoption of the principle of similars by orthodoxy. It is true that some orthodox works speak of this principle as of 'partial' application. It must be very partial, for I cannot find it used in medicine to cure any chronic state. It reminds me of Voltaire's rejoinder, when his doctor tried to frighten him into giving up coffee by telling him it was a slow poison. Voltaire fastened on the word 'slow.' 'Evidently slow,' he said, 'for I have been drinking it several times a day for over sixty years, and it hasn't yet killed me.'

But to return to the beliefs of homœopathy, to which I am unable to subscribe. Here are some of them:

(1) That a small dose is stronger than a larger one. What scientific body would accept this?

(2) That, in order to cure a disease, you must create in the body a similar disease *stronger* than the one present. On the axiom that no two similar diseases can exist together in the body, the stronger one is supposed to supplant the weaker. The vital force is then left to cure the newly created stronger disease. How can it do this, when it could not cure the similar weaker one?

(3) That the vigorous shaking of a liquid drug, striking the bottle, if necessary, against some elastic substance, develops its power to an unheard-of extent. Let anyone try this with his whisky.

(4) That a small dose acts in a direction contrary to a large one. How is it, then, that a large dose of castor-oil purges if each drop is attempting to do the contrary? Each drop is in effect *attempting* to produce purgation, though it is not strong enough to achieve it,

just in the same way as a single soldier, attacking a fort, is unable alone to take it, but he is not therefore firing in a contrary direction.

(5) I have not seen a single homœopathic dictionary of symptoms that did not contain such classifications as phthisis, pituitous, florid, ulcerative, purulent, sycotic, etc.; cancer, anæmia, calculi, cataract, scirrhus, lupus, exostoses, chorea, various tumours, etc. These are not subjective sensations or symptoms, and should not be guides to curative dry selection. So far for homœopathic theories. In practice homœopaths profess to make full use of pathology, and the latest refinements of diagnosis and instruments of precision are as much prized by them as by the orthodox. They take into account objective signs such as blood pressure, and select drugs for their known tissue reactions. I do none of these things, but use only that which is conducive to cure. Moreover, a doctor of their school writes: 'If a remedy is well-indicated, yet fails, try other potencies, both higher and lower, before changing the drug.' I differ. Another doctor of the same school, in a fruitless attempt to bring about a reform among them, complains: 'We have handicapped the rule of similars by connecting it with theories as to the nature of disease, and by verbal quibbles about organopathy, antipraxy, and the like. We have treated hypotheses as facts.' This is quite as frank as the statements of the orthodox. Sir Watson Cheyne urged medical students to remember 'that a good deal of what they were being taught was not true. They knew so little about the actions of the living body that they could not be dogmatic.' And Sir Almroth Wright said: 'We must cast aside all our old beliefs and admit we have been practising quackery.' Why should anyone go on practising quackery?

I am as unable to call myself a homœopath as is an orthodox Protestant to call himself a Catholic, although both believe in the principle of Christianity; or a Jew or a Mohammedan to call himself a Christian, although all three accept belief in a personal God. Many years ago Dr. Richard Hughes, the ablest writer on homœopathy, obtained for me a reader's ticket at the British Museum, where I used to collect material for him to use in his writings on drugs; and from him I learnt all there is to know of the true and the false in homœopathy. Homœopathy is an unseaworthy vessel, leaking, yet persuaded that it will not founder because it carries an ingot of gold. The golden principle of similars is really being sunk by it.

I have no prejudice against homœopathy; indeed, when my

time allowed it, I have helped in organising entertainments for the homœopathic as well as for allopathic hospitals, but I cannot enrol myself under the banner of either of them : I must continue for the present to 'plough my lonely furrow.'

In ordinary palliative treatment—for instance the giving of a purgative for chronic constipation—where a drug is intended to act *in spite of* the vital force's resistance, a dose large enough to subdue its antagonism is absolutely necessary ; but, when the principle of similars is used, no such necessity arises ; for here the object is to encourage that antagonism—to cause the vital force to do the direct contrary of the drug's attempt at action ; and, therefore, the less you give of the drug, the more easily and quickly is the curative action of the vitality obtained. I say 'the less of the drug,' meaning that its attack is made weaker by diminution, and not stronger, as against the conviction of the homœopaths.

Experience has proved to me that the vital force is apparently infinitely sensitive to a drug well chosen on the principle of similars, and I am no more prepared to admit an unproved limit to this sensitiveness than a limit to infinite space or infinite time. Who can imagine a brick wall as the end of space, with no space the other side of it ? Or who can imagine the last second of time, with no other second to follow ?

Some people, again, have experienced difficulty with regard to my statement on the 'specific, *non-chemical* actions of drugs on the vital force of the body.' They cannot conceive that this vital force should be more sensitive than chemical analysis. What amount of perspiration can chemical analysis reveal on a flagstone after a man has passed over it—perspiration coming through the thick sole of his boot ? Yet the vital force of his dog is able not only to find perspiration, when he applies his nose to the stone, but even to differentiate it from that of all other people. The power of scent, sight, and hearing of the deer, detecting danger from afar, the power of smell of the bee, the wasp, the fly, are other familiar examples of this same sensitiveness of living matter beyond the range of chemistry. Can chemical analysis detect a fright, anxiety, joy, sorrow ? Yet all these non-tangibles may have prodigious effects on the vital force, may even kill a man. And whether the non-tangible qualities of drugs can affect that same force is to be learnt only by experiment on the living body, and not by a chemical analysis which is not sensitive enough to detect them. As well expect a blind man to find the differences between colours.

The attraction between chemical particles is very different from the selective power of cells in nutrition; the latter implies selective judgment of what is best for the organism as an entity. In the same way the course or direction of cure depends on the judgment of the vital force as to what is best, and it has the power to select that best and to carry it through. Curative drug-action has only to focus this force where it is required. The manifestations of life often cannot be expressed in chemical or physical terms: genius shows itself only in its creations; the brain of its possessor reveals no anatomical or chemical evidence of its presence. I therefore use the non-chemical actions of drugs on the vital force of the body, and all my cures are effected by such actions, and by no others. Those who know only the alternative chemical, physical or bactericidal properties of drugs can never hope to obtain equal results, even if the diagnosis be correct. The knowledge of the chemical and physical properties of drugs is of no more use in applying their specific curative actions than is that of the chemical constituents of water in navigating a vessel. Chemical and physical actions cannot cure chronic cases or eradicate tendencies; they don't reach far enough, in fact only as far as our understanding goes, which is a very little way in the mystery of life. 'By their fruits ye shall know them' is as true as ever; but then, in the view of orthodoxy, this test should be applied only to those *outside* the legally qualified profession.

I have witnessed great benefit from the advance in other directions than the purely medical one: for instance, in treatment of certain cases by suggestion, and of others by the improved Swedish massage manipulations of Dr. Cyriax and others, but personally I make use of no adjuncts whatever to my medical prescribing. This is the direct contrary of orthodox treatment, where adjuncts such as diet, air, rest, exercise, travel, baths, etc. have become the substantive part of it: it is really a case of the tail of the dog wagging its nebulous body. Hygiene is quite in order in keeping healthy people well, but failure generally follows the attempt to make it take the place of curative medicine. Nor do I see any hope in the denial of the existence of disease, as the Christian Scientists put it: most people appreciate the existence of toothache when they have it.

With regard to the prevailing mode of drug-giving, the rule-of-thumb method of lumping cases of disease together under names, and then giving the stereotyped drug or treatment for each par-

ticular disease, is unworthy of an enlightened profession and of the present scientific age. Everyone hopes that the cause of cancer will be discovered by the new research committee, but let no one delude himself with the thought that this will necessarily lead to cure; we have been told for years past that the cause of influenza had been discovered: where is its cure? Cicero said hundreds of years ago: 'Doctors, having found the cause of a disease, think they have found its cure.'¹ The essential thing for the purpose of curing is not knowledge of the cause of disease, but knowledge of the curative qualities of drugs, what Darwin calls 'the laws impressed on matter by the Creator.' In proof of this statement I give the following cases which I have cured, although I do not pretend to know their causes more than anyone else does.

Patient of 67, son of a doctor, crippled with rheumatoid arthritis, severe psoriasis, dropsy in his legs and heart weakness, with much wasting, came to me after homœopathy had signally failed. The case may be read *in extenso* in *Truth* of December 19, 1923. The editor, describing the patient's call at the office of that journal, says:

'He came to show himself to me, to all intents and purposes cured. The arthritis, which had extended to all his limbs, only remains in a lateral distortion of the fingers of the right hand. The psoriasis and the dropsy have entirely disappeared, the action of his heart is normal, and he says that he can hurry upstairs and make whatever exertion he needs to without a sign of distress.'

I may add that he has regained his normal weight. The daily Press might do worse than follow the example of *Truth* in its successful efforts to detect and expose quackery, wherever found, instead of bolstering up every orthodox right or wrong without discrimination.

Another case of interest is one of membranous dysmenorrhœa. Here is the patient's own letter to me:

'For three years I suffered from a very severe type of Membranous Dysmenorrhœa, and life to me was not worth living. Ordinary doctors told me plainly that there was no drug known to them which could cure my disease, and a specialist advised a grave operation from which I naturally shrank in my weak state. Under your medicinal treatment I improved in health in a marvellously short time and felt a new vitality. Since then I have been able to keep on at my profession, and life has been quite

¹ 'Medici, causa morbi inventa, curationem inventam putant.'

different. When I look back on the nights and days of pain, fever and distressing nausea, it all seems like a horrible dream. There must be many sufferers who, like myself at one time, have lost hope; and I feel it my duty to make public the wonderful cure you have effected in my case, one absolutely incurable to the ordinary method of drug-giving. I can never thank you sufficiently.' (Mrs.) HILDA M. WESTROP, Stanley Lodge, Thorington, Colchester.

My next case is one of rheumatoid arthritis of the hip-joint, plus pyorrhœa, cured by internal medicines only. The patient writes to me for publication:

'I am pleased to tell you that the Rheumatoid Arthritis, from which I have suffered for the past seven years, and which various doctors and two specialists told me was incurable, adding that the longer I lived the worse the pain would become (owing to the amount of osteophytic formation in the acetabulum), has yielded entirely to your treatment. Where I was a cripple, I am now walking with ease and free from pain. Your treatment has also cured my Pyorrhœa without the necessity of having my teeth pulled out, which operation had been advised by others. You can make whatever use you like of this letter. X-ray photos of my leg, and reports from specialists, may be seen by anyone.'—(Mr.) W. SEARLE, 'Greenlands,' Runnymede Road, Egham.

The following is extracted from a letter from Sir Robert Price, Barrister, M.R.C.S., late M.P. for East Norfolk:

'I have seen many remarkable cures effected by Mr. Roche; I believe that a thorough enquiry into his methods would lead to enormous improvement in our practice of curative medicine.'—ROBERT J. PRICE, Sussex Mansions, Sussex Place, S.W.

From Sir George Hume, L.C.C., late M.P.:

'Nine years ago my wife, who was suffering from tuberculous diffused peritonitis, was given only a few months to live by our medical advisers. One of them called on Mr. Roche to consult him at my request, and then advised us to go to him for treatment. We did so, and, to the great surprise of the doctors, she lived for eight years more. My nephew, aged twenty-seven, suffering from diabetes, and incurable to specialists, was cured by Mr. Roche with medicines only.'—GEORGE HUME, Middle Temple, E.C.

From Mr. Robert Hichens, the author of 'Bella Donna':

'I consulted several doctors, who did me no good. One of

them, a well-known specialist, told me he doubted whether a cure of my persistent complaint was possible. Mr. Roche cured me rapidly, and for years I have had no return of my irksome condition. I feel very grateful to him, and am glad to certify to his extraordinary ability.'—ROBERT HICHENS, Riant Château, Territet, Switzerland.

From Mr. Howard Williams, of St. Paul's Churchyard :

'I suffered from neuritis in the arm for several years, and was treated by a number of medical men, but without success. Mr. Roche succeeded where others failed, and for a long time I have been free from pain and able to write with comfort.'—HOWARD WILLIAMS.

The case of a British officer I cured of cancer eight years ago seems to have interested so many readers of the November issue that I give his letter here, although he does not wish his name published. Be it noted that Sir John Bland Sutton, in his work on 'Tumours Innocent and Malignant,' speaks of 'the impotence of drugs when employed against tumours.' This case will serve as an example of this 'impotence.'

'My uncle died of cancer of the tongue, my father of cancer of the bowels. In August, 1914, a well-known surgeon diagnosed my own case as cancer of the tongue. An operation was performed, and microscopical examination of the excised growth confirmed the diagnosis of cancer. In August, 1915, there was a recurrence in the neck, diagnosed by the same surgeon, proving that the operation had failed to cure. Mr. Roche's treatment, by internal drugs only without any change of diet or mode of living, succeeded so well, that I was entirely cured. The result still holds good after several years. I am really surprised to be alive and well.'

Testimony of Lady Bertha Dawkins :

'There is no doubt about Mr. Roche's cures being lasting ; in my own case, published some years ago, asthma of fifteen years' standing, and ganglion on the back of the wrist, the radical good effect of Mr. Roche's treatment has remained.'—BERTHA DAWKINS.

From Mr. Reginald Dingle, 9 Park House, Highbury Park, N.5 :

'I am glad to testify to my sense of increased well-being, greater vitality and enlarged capacity for work, since I have been

under your treatment. With regard to my six-year-old boy, you have transformed him. From birth (premature) he had been weakly and highly nervous. Among his symptoms were cyclical vomiting, disturbed sleep, day terrors, violent anger and periods of unconsciousness, followed by violent choreic movements. Potassium bromide was all that was prescribed by the doctors whom I consulted. When I brought him to you, his condition caused great anxiety to his mother and myself. Under your treatment there was immediate improvement progressively maintained, and no recurrence of fits. I am quite ready to answer any questions that may be put to me in this connexion.'—REGINALD DINGLE.

From Mr. A. S. Buckley, Connaught Club, Marble Arch :

'I suffered for two years from bad attacks of palpitation, extraordinary fits of rage, during which I became numb and dazed ; bad headaches, depression, loss of weight, dizziness and insomnia. I was completely "over-hauled" by a well-known specialist, whose verdict was "blood-pressure wrong from neurasthenia." He said "Don't worry about things, and go away for a long holiday," which, to me, was impossible. When I came to you, I did not believe that medicines could effect much. One doctor had previously prescribed bromide ; and, when I stopped it, the symptoms were worse than before. However, with your medicine, the symptoms soon began to decrease in violence and to come at longer intervals ; and to-day nothing but a deep sense of gratitude to you remains to remind me that my health was not always normal.'—A. S. BUCKLEY.

Here is a case of prolapsus uteri. The patient is the widow of the Attorney-General of Ireland :

'I had suffered from internal displacement for over two years, for which I had been treated by specialists in London and Dublin by curetting and all kinds of instruments, getting no benefit. Eleven years ago Mr. Roche cured me with internal medicines, and without local treatment. I have had no return of the trouble and am able to walk as much as ten miles a day.'—FLORENCE CHATTERTON, New Park, Blackrock, Dublin.

From Miss Werne, 4 Cadogan Place, S.W. 1 :

'I am very pleased to publish the fact, if it can help in the reform of medical studies, that the chronic bronchitis, which for years had proved incurable to all orthodox measures, has vanished under your medical treatment.'—E. WERNE.

From Mrs. J. H. Cooke, Hôtel Métropole, London :

'For some years (according to specialists) I had chronic

phlebitis, thrombosis, and fibrositis of the spine, also heart weakness. Various treatments at the English Spas proved palliative only for a time, and I was in despair, but, since having treatment from Mr. Raphael Roche, the result is remarkable, and all my friends are surprised at the great improvement. I am most grateful to him for much better health than doctors ever thought possible.'—E. S. COOKE.

Here is the case of tuberculosis of twenty-four years' standing, mentioned in the article of last November, from which I quote :

'Age thirty-six ; has three abscesses in outer left thigh, and one in right groin, all discharging tuberculous pus ; nerves "all to pieces." In one month the lowest abscess had quite healed, the two above were discharging 50 per cent. less, and the one in the right groin—a deep depression—was filling with healthy tissue. Nerves greatly improved ; on previous day drove his car 200 miles, which he had been unable to do for years.'

The patient writes to me under date of February 25 :

'I must thank you for the successful treatment. I can hardly credit that in ten months you have succeeded in practically ridding me of a complaint which registered practitioners have for years regarded as a hopeless proposition. I have been able regularly to carry on my employment, and have not altered my diet or general mode of living in any way. The earlier the medical profession appreciates the medicine methods used by you, the better for humanity at large.'—W. H. BOWYER, 15 Montague Avenue, Brockley, S.E. 4.

It has been objected that, in prescribing, I have not taken into account the new theory that all substances may be one in origin ; but surely this does not alter the fact of their different qualities in the various forms they assume. Take water : it can be walked on when frozen solid ; it can move a locomotive when heated ; it can drown you when liquid ; yet all these forms are one and the same in origin.

In conclusion, although it is true that 'one swallow does not make a summer,' yet I claim that the number of swallows here exhibited, of the most varied breed and feather—the overwhelming evidence here adduced—can, on impartial examination, lead to no other conclusion than the amplest justification of the title I have placed at the head of these articles, 'The Science of Medicine.'

FRIEND AND NEIGHBOUR.¹

BY E. L. GRANT WATSON.

JACK COGAN, farm-labourer and milker, was for three years my next-door neighbour. We shared the same house: one of those old houses built of gault stone, situated upon that thin line of gault which separates the green-sand from the chalk of the South Downs. It is easy to see in the south counties how most of the old buildings lie situated upon this particular outcrop of rock. Where the stone was quarried, there the houses were set. They mark a line along the base of the downs; it was here rather than further inland that our ancestors built. This particular house had once been a farm-house, but was now divided, and formed two spacious cottages. It stood alone on a side lane. At that time it possessed no special name of its own, and I could find no record of its ever having had a name. Upon the oak gate-post was carved in deep, bold letters the inscription Z.13. These letters I adopted as my postal address. My neighbour was a man of about sixty-five. His features were hard with what seemed, at first meeting, a grim and savage expression. Later I came to see in the pronounced contours of his face (features which looked as if they had been cut from a piece of wood) a stoical sadness, a patience, a resentful resignation. He was Slavonic rather than Teuton, reminding me of the carvings of the Serbian sculptor Mestrovitch. He drew from the soil, with which all his life he had been so much in contact, the same strength and patience, the same genius for endurance as are divined by the intuition of that great artist.

For some weeks after my arrival we did not speak much to one another. Doubtless he looked with hostility upon me as a member of a different class. What right had I to live in that gloomy old cottage?

It was with his wife that I first made friends. Mrs. Cogan was very small in stature. She was of about the same age as her husband, and her bright, rosy face, like some withered apple, was puckered by a net-work of lines. She had blue eyes and

¹ Copyright in U.S.A. by E. L. Grant Watson, 1924.

usually wore a blue dress ; they matched well together. She had, too, as I found later, a wealth of practical philosophy. She had had ten children by her first husband. Phyllis, the little girl of eleven, who was so often hanging about my back door and watching me with her large, wide-open, blue eyes, was the child of her old age, the only fruit of the second marriage. I could feel at first that Mrs. Cogan shared her husband's hostility. She was suspicious. A young man living alone without a woman ! That seemed to her difficult to explain, unnatural, as no doubt it was.

She was curious about me. She came into my kitchen one day and watched me cooking. She was interested in my Primus stove, had never seen one before, wanted to have it explained, yet was afraid to touch it, alarmed at the noise that it made. But what really broke the ice between us was a mincing-machine. 'Do you think that would take bits of apple if I were to cut them up ?' she said. 'I've had some apples given me, but I can't eat 'em. I've got no teeth.' She shook her head and her smile widened. 'I can manage to bite anything else pretty well with my gums, but them apples are a bit too hard. I do dearly love a bit of apple.' We ground up a couple of apples. They degenerated into a kind of brown slush, but she seemed satisfied with the result, which she ate with a spoon, smacking her gums and twinkling her little blue eyes at me. 'A handy thing, that,' she said, 'for them as hasn't got any teeth.' I made her a present of the machine. She was a little reluctant to accept it, though I could see that she was immensely pleased. She gave me a smile every morning after that, but it was not till several weeks later that she came in with an invitation that I should go that evening and sit with them.

They had one of those old-fashioned fire-places with alcoves on either side. Cogan, who had unbent towards me with a kind of passive acquiescence, made me sit in the place of honour, a very worn, old wicker chair, though comfortable. He himself sat opposite in his shirt sleeves, with the two waistcoats that he wore opened and unbuttoned at the breast.

On his knee was a large grey cat that arched and purred and walked round, as cats do, kneading and pulling at his corduroy trousers with its claws. Cogan teased it by pushing its whiskers the wrong way. 'A fine old cat ; you don't find many cats like this,' he said proudly. 'A rat-catcher. He can catch a rat just like most cats catch a mouse. He belongs to a long family of

rat-catchers. It all depends on the breed. Some are no good at all. . . . Got to work and fight for their living same as anybody else. But they stray, get out in the woods after rabbits and never come back. This one's been away a long time. I thought I'd lost him, but he came back all right.' He paused, pulling at the cat's whiskers, looking at it meditatively from under his fierce, overhanging brows. 'Never feed a cat,' he continued. 'That's what spoils them. That's the mistake people make. It makes them lazy. Give them a little milk now and then, that's all.'

We talked for a while of cats and of their ways, but not for long. Cogan had been up and working since four-thirty that morning. He nodded between his sentences and soon fell asleep. Mrs. Cogan also snoozed, though once or twice she roused herself and apologised. I shook my head sleepily, and then, because of the warm air in the cottage and the closeness of the fire, I followed their example. It was not perhaps the most sociable way of passing the evening, but it promoted a certain intimacy and a simplicity of understanding.

Every morning, including Sundays, I would hear Cogan going off to his work at four-thirty. He was a milker and had a walk of a good two miles to the farm where he worked. In the summer I used in a sleepy way to envy him that two miles along the under edge of the downs in the early dawn (once or twice I went with him); but in the dark, cold winter nights I would feel ashamed at my own immunity from that exacting routine, and the comparative softness, as far as material things were concerned, of my own life. Cogan milked ten cows before breakfast. He then drove the milk to Amberley station, that lay another two miles from the farm, to catch the milk train up to London. At the station he would have an easy time for half an hour or so. From the guard and the porters he gathered news of the world. This was his chief source of information of outside affairs, for he had never learnt to read. How he escaped all elementary education I learned when he told me the story of his childhood and youth.

It was not difficult to see that he resented his inability to read. 'Too late to learn now,' he would say, shaking his head and frowning. Sometimes he would look at illustrated papers, but never for long. He seemed to be exasperated by the letter-press, which he could not understand. Sometimes in the evenings I would read aloud to him, but I think he found it difficult to follow.

Round about the house there was a large, empty garden, much neglected by the former tenants. It was divided roughly in half by a footpath leading to a closet at the far end. That on the right of the path was my territory, while my neighbour possessed the rather larger strip on the left. It was a beautiful deep, light soil, but shockingly overgrown with couch-grass and horse-tail. It was over our efforts to clear the soil of these arch-enemies of the gardener that we made friends. Cogan had grown old in that struggle; he understood the habits of the couch, and could recommend the best way of dealing with the tangled masses. In the evenings we would light fires together, and watch the thin lines of smoke curl upward from the piles of weeds. On the long summer evenings when the regular work of the day was finished, we would give our time to our gardens. Mrs. Cogan and Phyllis would come and help. My neighbour had here the advantage, for I was single-handed. We would all work at the same task of forking up the couch and picking over the soil for the white stems. All of Sundays that was left to him after his work at the farm, Cogan would give to his garden. We would work together, and, in intervals between the work, talk.

He was a great talker when once he had got over his initial distrust. His opinions were most of them hard-formed and unshakeable. On politics, religion, the war, women, gamekeepers, and all forms of poaching he had made up his mind. Only occasionally would a certain diffidence show itself; he would shake his head, listen and frown. I have often thought that he might have had a fine intelligence had it been developed. His mentality seemed like the stump of some felled tree, stunted, yet alive with shoots. One evening, while planting young cabbages, he told me the story of his life. It was really only a little bit of the story of his life, but it accounted for much.

‘How was it that you never learnt to read?’ I had asked him.

‘I never went to school.’

‘Didn’t you have to?’

‘No,’ I ran away from home when I was four years old.’ He laughed, gave one of his most expressive winks and shook his head. ‘My mother died when I was a baby. I don’t remember her. My father married again. His second wife didn’t like me. . . . That’s why I ran away. I went to a farm not many miles off, but no one troubled to look for me. . . . I think she was glad to be rid of me so easy.’ He turned to the cabbages, planting them at intervals along a line. I asked some question or other. ‘Yes, a hard time.

The farmer made me work, first of all at scaring birds and at other things as soon as I could. I slept in an old shed that the goats used to live in. The women would give me 'scraps to eat at the door, but never let me into the house. I was dirty and covered with lice. I was wild and hungry too.' He stood up now and faced me, or rather towered above me from his gaunt height. 'I didn't have a time like the children have now. No, I didn't. . . . He was a driver, that farmer. . . . The cold of the winters. . . . He rubbed his elbows. His frown deepened as he dwelt upon the bitterness of those years. 'A poor little devil I was with no one to care whether I lived or died. I hadn't any proper clothes even. I wore any old things that they threw out to me.'

Again he paused and shook his head. 'You wouldn't believe it all.' He stooped, picked up some more cabbage plants.

'But didn't the police come and ask about you?'

'Things weren't like they are now. It was a lonely place in Hampshire, a big rough farm lying away by itself . . . not many people about. The farmer wanted to keep me to work for nothing. He saw I was a strong one to work. I did a damned lot of work for him. I didn't know any better.'

'How long did you stay? Didn't he pay you?'

'He paid me nothing at first. When I was a lad, he gave me fourpence a week and a better place to sleep in. He never taught me anything, what you might call learning, not even to wash myself . . . never had no schooling.'

'How long did you stay?' I repeated.

'Till I was nigh sixteen or thereabouts.' He shook his head slowly. 'You think me a fool to stay as long, but I didn't know any better. One day I was out ploughing and it came to me, why should I stay and work. I was frightened of my boss. I didn't like him, but I was not so frightened as I used to be. I was grown to be a strong, likely lad. . . . When I came to turn the plough one time, I stopped the horses. I unfastened them from the pole and let them stray into the hedge and crop the grass. I looked round scared at myself . . . my heart beating. I remember now just how it was. Then I cleared off through the woods.' He laughed. 'I was frightened of people, didn't like to be seen. Can you believe it? I tramped for two days without speaking to anyone. Then I was hungry and got a job . . . odd work at one place or another. I earned some money, bought some soap and cleaned myself up. I wasn't so bad-looking when I was clean. The first long job I got was on a railway bank. A lot of men together. I earned ten

shillings a week. I found then I was a bit of a fighter. I used to fight with other lads and other men older than myself for money. They'd bet on us. . . . I could take a lot of hammering. . . . I was all right with the women too. I found that out.' He shook his head, again frowned, grinned and winked. 'Oh, things weren't so bad then, I was my own master. I never stayed at any job longer than I liked. . . . I'd go tramping. . . . I've been mostly all over this country hereabouts. It wasn't so hard to pick up a living as it is now . . . plenty of game and rabbits in the woods. I knew how to pick up things of that sort. I was up to all the tricks.' He paused, smiling, and eyed me as if wondering if I were worthy of his confidence. 'Do you know how to best a dog, a fierce dog, the sort you can't make any mistakes with?'

I admitted that I did not.

'It's not a thing everyone knows. If you can get the frog of a horse's foot, the bit the smiths cut out sometimes, it has a strong smell, you put a few drops of aniseed on it. . . . There's no dog can refuse it. That's all right, I can tell you.' He chuckled at recollections. 'Another thing almost as good, if you can't get hold of the frog. It's not to be picked up always. Get a bit of cheese-rind, put it in the pit of your arm, keep it there for a day or two till it's soaked up the smell and the sweat of you. . . . Most dogs will take it and be friends ever after.'

I laughed at this and he joined in. 'Now I'm telling you all about it,' he said. 'It may come in useful some day.'

'And what happened to you after that? When did you marry?'

'I married when I was quite a young chap. A fine woman she was, my first wife, a big woman with long hair. Fine hair she had. I thought a lot of it then. She was a farmer's daughter, altogether superior . . . but she would have me.'

He paused as if there were nothing else to say, as if the story were finished. I prompted him with questions for I wanted to hear the rest.

After his marriage he had settled down to regular work as a farm labourer. He had moved with his family from place to place, but all those middle years had been a record of unbroken toil. There had been children, twelve of them, I think. A certain number had died in infancy. There was a boy who was a sailor, another who was a soldier, and one who had died as a soldier in India of some horrible and strange complaint of which I was given the full details. Things had not gone very easily at home; that was the impression

he gave me. He was not willing to speak of that part of his life, but rambled off on to the experiences of his sons. He told me about India and Persia, but on these distant matters it was difficult to follow. His ideas were jumbled, and I found the simplest rejoinders that I made being twisted and put to uses other than their intention.

By the end of the evening we found ourselves talking about London. For London he had a great reverence. He had once been in London and lost himself amongst the houses. The great city stood for power which rose beyond his comprehension. Well, in London they knew about everything; they worked the Empire from there, and the war. He would shake his head after speaking about it and spit. It was not a subject that could be gone into.

Often in the intervals of gardening we would talk and sometimes, sitting upon the wall in front of the house, give ourselves up altogether to conversation. Always I found him an entertaining talker, but when he got beyond the simple and concrete facts of country life, he would give the impression of some blind creature knocking itself against hard projections whose presence he could not understand. His mind was filled with hostilities. All foreigners he distrusted, Germans in particular, but he would have killed any foreigner gladly had he been allowed. Other people too he would have killed at a word of encouragement. In the early days of the war he had been to five separate recruiting stations and had begged to be allowed to go and kill foreigners overseas.

In those days, even in that quiet corner of Sussex, the word revolution was to be heard. For Cogan, as for many others of the downtrodden, it meant only revenge. He would listen and nod his head, his features would become wooden and his eyes fierce and alert. In theory he hated all rich people, though he was kindly enough when it came to individuals, and when he spoke of the rich the browned whites of his eyes would roll with spontaneous ferocity, and the folds of skin on his forehead grow to a set frown. Openly he would declare that he was a Radical. (He had lost several posts through this boldness.) By a Radical he understood someone who was up against the Conservatives. 'I know all about the "servitias,"' he would say. 'They are the enemies of the poor man,' and he would shake his head with the peasant sagacity born of facts, not to be changed by argument.

With the farmer who was his employer Cogan was on good terms. I think the two men appreciated and liked one another; yet for more than three years Cogan had had no holiday, not a single day

off in all that time. If I had not put the idea into his head, I don't think he would have asked for one. He was content; a change, as in itself something to be desired, he had not thought of. Yet on consideration, if other men had holidays, perhaps he too should have one? He was several months thinking over the idea, but at last made his request. One evening he hailed me with the news that he was going to have a holiday on the morrow.

It was a beautiful, sunny day in June. Cogan had put on his best clothes to mark the occasion—those which he kept for funerals—for unless he had on different clothes from his usual he would feel that he ought to be working, so he told me. He was all smiles at the radiance of the day, and rather self-conscious of his unusual get-up. 'I shall have to change these things, damn it if I shan't,' he said. 'Take your coat off—that will ease you,' suggested his wife. 'It's warm enough in the sun.' He took off his coat, and after breakfast we sat on the steps of his house, basking.

There was a line of men working in a field opposite, about two hundred yards distant. They were hoeing turnips, moving in a diagonal line, one behind another. We sat watching the automatic, rhythmical movement of their bodies, and as I watched I could feel that Cogan was growing restless. 'They don't know how to hold their hoes, not properly,' he complained. 'When I was a young fellow I was good at turnip hoeing. It's a nice job, once you get into it.' We sat silent for a short time, I, for my part, enjoying the warm sunlight and the indolence of the morning. Cogan stood up suddenly. He looked down at me, laughing and frowning and shaking his head, as was his way. 'I shall just slip 'cross for a little and show them how to do it, and pass the time of day. . . . Mother, give me my hoe, not the new one, the old one. . . . Yes, that's the one I like.' 'Now mind you don't stay there long,' said Mrs. Cogan. 'Remember you've got your best trousers on.' 'All right, mother.' Then to me: 'The old woman looks after me, don't she?' 'I've need to,' said she. Cogan shouldered his hoe, shook his head, and departed smiling.

I watched him walk across the intervening field. The work party stopped, forming into a little group as he joined them. There was time for a short conversation, then Cogan took the head of the line. I watched his action with admiration. It was a beautiful, easy swing, that seemed to be without effort as if man and hoe were of one flesh. He was far the oldest of the party, yet even from that distance it could be seen that he was the most alive. The others picked up under his leadership: he gave a fresh energy to

their movements. Mrs. Cogan came out and joined me on the steps. She brought with her a bowl of early peas, and we sat together shelling them. 'That's a nice way of spending a holiday!' she commented at last. 'He'll stay out now all day—see if he doesn't.'

He came back at the lunch hour with a wet shirt. 'You've spoilt your trousers,' said his wife. 'You ought to know better.' 'Gor-damn-it, yes. I better go and change them.' He winked at me as if deprecating his action, yet expecting sympathy. He had nothing else to say, though it was obvious that he had enjoyed his morning.

After the midday meal, changed and in his right trousers, he went back and finished the day's work in the field of a man who was not his employer, and for whom he had a personal aversion. That was how he spent his one holiday.

Did I pity him or envy him? I asked myself. I do not know which of those emotions was uppermost.

One evening I received from my neighbours an invitation to supper. This was quite unexpected, for they had never before asked me to share their food. I could see that it was to be something of an event. Mrs. Cogan, very smiling and affable, was a little mysterious about it. I was to come at a named time: I was not to come early, if I didn't mind, but wait till everything was ready. At the appointed hour, Phyllis came in to fetch me.

On the table were two roast pheasants. Very good they looked and smelt. All the family were watching me. Cogan gave an enormous grin. 'A poor man's supper. . . .' He ostentatiously sharpened a knife. 'I believe he thinks we've taken two of his chickens,' said Mrs. Cogan, who was proudly concerned in the success of her cooking. 'These be hedge chickens,' said her husband. I made some pretence of looking at them closely. 'Have I ever seen these birds before?' I asked. Again he smiled prodigiously. 'Ah, that would be telling.' He shook his head wisely, held it on one side, put his finger on his lips and winked. Yes, indeed it would, and I was told all the latter history of those birds before the evening was out, but not till I had finished my second helping and had so shared in the guilt of their death a full month before the first of October.

It was as I thought: I had seen them often enough on other occasions. I had seen them fly over the hedge into the garden in the early mornings from the jealously guarded coverts of Perram Park.

‘How did you get them without a gun?’

‘I caught them. . . . It’s an old trick,’ he continued. ‘Terribly easy things to catch, pheasants.’

He showed me his contrivance, which seemed very simple when explained. It had been shown to him years back by some old tramp or poacher. Out of stout brown paper he had made little horns, such as grocers make for the boiled sweets they sell to children. At the bottom of each horn there was a dab of bird-lime, and on the bird-lime wheat and aniseed. On the inside of the horn about two inches from the base was another small dab of lime. That was all. The brown paper horns were left out of doors overnight, scattered about among the cabbages. The pheasants, unsuspecting of brown paper twists, so like dead leaves in shape and colour, had pecked at the grains of their loved aniseed; the dab of bird-lime, placed just at the right spot, adhered to their crests, and when the birds’ heads were lifted, the little horns of paper had remained fixed in front of their eyes, obscuring all the view. Unable to see, the pheasants had been afraid to fly, or if they had flown it had not been far. They had waited helplessly for Cogan to come out with his stick and hit them over the head.

After I had eaten his birds and had thus become a sharer in his guilt, I was more fully admitted to his friendship. He told many stories of his past—some of a nature not to be set down, of a savagery only suspected of Balkan peoples. He had been a fighter and a drinker. The two had gone very much together. But now he couldn’t take drink as he used to. He’d given it up—it caused too much trouble. He’d taken the pledge . . . besides, it didn’t agree with his stomach. He had always been a poacher. Poaching was quite different from stealing. He saw no reason why a poor man shouldn’t take, if he could catch them, the creatures that ran on the ground or burrowed under it. They belonged to themselves till they were caught: no rich man could have a claim. As a poacher, he had learned a certain amount of woodcraft, had watched wild creatures and had definite feelings toward them. Robins and wagtails (dish-washers he called the latter) he was fond of. He liked to see the dish-washers following the plough together with rooks and sea-gulls, and the robins following his spade, very close and tame. Starlings he liked for the variety of their talk and the bubbling noises they made under the tiles at nesting time. And sparrows—he had a fellow-feeling for sparrows; love-birds he called them, or Tommy-come-again.

Like most countrymen, his knowledge of wild things was of very

uncertain quality. Where he had himself observed, it was accurate, but often it was of doubtful truth. At the back of the house there was a deep well of drinking water. Three or four dark-skinned, emaciated frogs were usually swimming about in the water or perched on the bricks at the side. Sometimes a frog would get into my bucket. Having a prejudice about drinking water in which frogs lived and, if left to themselves, would probably die, I used on these occasions to put my captures into a neighbouring ditch. Cogan saw me doing this one day. 'Ah, put the frog back in the well,' he shouted. 'I always puts them back. They eat up all the little germs there be in the water. The water in that well, it's the best you'd find anywhere in these parts—beautiful, clear drinking water. That's because of the frogs—they keep it clean.'

His enthusiasm for the frog-purified drinking water was not always constant, and, in spite of his having taken the pledge, there were times when he reverted to stronger liquors. Perhaps it was the influence of the pledge, or perhaps the pangs of indigestion that he got after any excesses, that kept him now so temperate. Only once did I see him properly drunk. On that terrible occasion there came back upon him all the fury and violence of his early life. I have seen a good deal of drunkenness at one time and another, and know well the gold-mining towns of North-West Australia, where two men out of three are drunk on a Sunday afternoon, but never have seen such violence, such concentrated, yammering passion.

It was on Boxing Night. He had been out all the evening, and I could feel that Mrs. Cogan was anxious. We heard from far down the lane a prodigious roaring that might have been that of a wild beast. 'O God! that's Cogan,' she said, and her little red cheeks went suddenly pale. Then, after a moment's thought: 'You go along now—leave him to me. . . . It's best not to cross him . . . I think you had better bolt your door,' she added.

I went to my cottage and stood in the doorway listening. Cogan was coming down the lane shouting and blaspheming. I think there must have been some bicyclist, for I heard Cogan with tears in his voice beseeching someone to get off his bicycle and fight. There was a scuffle, but the bicyclist must have escaped. Cogan was left roaring his rage and derision. He sounded like some wild animal in torture. Never in England have I known a man appear so terrible and dangerous. I thought about poor little Mrs. Cogan and her white face. Ought I to stand between them and let him kill me? She had told me to clear out and leave it to her; she

probably knew her own business best. Yet it seemed a cowardly action to go inside and slide the bolt. I went upstairs and listened. He came straight to my door. There was no staggering in his gait: he was not stupidly drunk, but just raging with the lust to kill. He called upon me to come out and fight. He would fight me with one hand; and then, somewhat inconsequently, he added that he would kick the life out of me in two minutes. Would I come down and be killed? He shouted his challenge. He told me all the things he had thought about me, my class and my appearance. They were not flattering. No doubt the instinctive and the right thing would have been to have gone down and fought him. On the morrow he would have liked me the better—that is, if there had been any of me left. I remained unheroically where I was. There were reasons for refusing his invitation.

After a time he gave me up in disgust, and went off muttering to his own door. I heard the latch lift and the door slam behind him. Then there was silence, utter and surprising silence. I thought of little Mrs. Cogan and the courage for endurance that women have. How was it she was managing that giant of wrath?—for the fury of his passion could not so suddenly have burnt out.

The next day he did not go to work as usual. I saw him late in the morning sitting on his doorstep. He was bent forward in the position of Rodin's 'Penseur.' From time to time he groaned. He looked up at me and shook his head slowly. 'I feel bad,' he said. Then, after a pause: 'I can't take it as I used—gets me in the guts terrible bad.' He was silent, eyeing the ground, but I could feel that he was glad of my presence. 'My missis she takes on—she won't speak to me now.' He looked up, drawing down the corners of his mouth. 'I don't know how it is: I didn't take much, not very much; but it seems to go to my head.' He raised himself with a sudden gust of passion, and, with clenched hands lifted, called out: 'Lord Jesus Christ, hear me! I swear I won't take another drop. I swear I won't touch it!' Then suddenly collapsing, 'Oh dear, oh dear!'

Mrs. Cogan came into the doorway. She regarded him with that cold anger that only women can achieve toward the men that they love. 'I've heard him swear like that before.' She was scornful. 'I wouldn't waste my time talking to him after the way he behaved.' She went in abruptly.

I felt ashamed both for myself and for the pain-stricken penitent, yet I stayed on and talked.

During the next few days I heard more of his story, partly from

Mrs. Cogan and partly from himself. He had been a terrible drinker and fighter, but latterly the pains of indigestion had almost cured him—indigestion and the severe treatment adopted by his wife. For his part he only hinted at the appalling severity of her resentment; it was she who revealed the nature of her reprisal. A few years ago he had been very much worse, and although he had never struck her, she admitted that his bouts set her all atremble. There were two men he had very nearly killed. He had been in gaol many times. 'No pleasure in the home,' she had added with naive pathos. At last as a protest she had left him and gone to live with another man at Brighton. She and her child had stayed with this man for more than six months. What the relationship had been she left ambiguous, but Cogan had been moved to great wrath and to great humiliation. It had seemed to him a terrible disgrace. It had brought him to his knees. He had taken the pledge, was a reformed man; only three times had he been really drunk since then.

It took them both some days to get over this last outbreak, Mrs. Cogan to forgive, and Cogan to recover his natural firmness. He talked more than usual during that period. And, whether it was the drink or the indigestion or remorse, the religious and emotional side of his character came uppermost. Often he would talk about 'Lord Jesus Christ.' There was awe and reverence but no cringing in his attitude towards his God and his Saviour. He spoke as if he knew them well; they on their part would know and understand him and his needs. There were some people, no doubt, who might in ignorance or pride get up against those mainly beneficent though jealous powers. Well, he for his part was humble; he knew his place. If others were overdaring, he could afford to wait and watch their destined end.

There was a young airman who troubled him a good deal. Most of his week-end leaves—and he seemed to have them pretty regularly—he would spend in joy-flights, risking his life and using a good deal of Government petrol. His reckless daring would call forth the older man's admiration. Cogan was never tired of watching him loop the loop. It seemed to him miraculous that the young fellow didn't fall out when his machine was upside-down. He would watch him climbing to a height, spiralling up and up, to come fluttering down like a leaf right to what seemed within a few yards of the woods, and then, when one thought he had crashed, go skimming over the tree-tops. 'Blessed if he be afraid of God or devil,' he'd say. 'He's a lad, he be!' Then after a silence, his eyes fixed and his brows joined in a frown: 'Lord Jesus Christ He won't allow

anyone else flying about like that. That lad's too clever. Lord Jesus Christ He don't allow anyone else to be as clever as that.' Sunday after Sunday he would stand staring skywards, wasting the precious time that he liked to give to his gardening, divided in emotion between admiration and religious disapproval. When at last the young fellow crashed and broke his thigh, Cogan was filled with the sagacity of his forebodings. 'That's what I told you. Just what I said. He's a clever young chap, but Lord Jesus Christ He's too clever for he !'

As he was confident and of fixed mind upon religious questions, he had his own unshakable opinions upon the war. The Germans were going to win the war : he was quite definite about that. He held his opinion in spite of the general optimism and the national confidence to the contrary. He had met a lot of Germans at one time and another, and knew all about them. They were clever, and they went everywhere. They would get on where an Englishman would starve. They would live on less and work harder. Yes, a German was worth six I-talians. An I-talian was only a dago, and a Frenchy wasn't much different ; but a German ! He knew all about the Germans : he and a woman pal of his had fought with two Germans once. They had fought at close quarters, the woman with an umbrella and a hat pin, and he had used his fists and his boots, and finally his teeth. He and his pal had only just come out top. It was hard to best them. And then, as an overwhelming argument : there were more Germans than there were Englishmen, and it wasn't every Englishman who knew how to fight as well as he did. They'd win the war. He'd shake his head gloomily, and one could see that he was brooding over the mistake made by the Government in not allowing him to go to Flanders.

He came home very pleased one day with six new or almost new sacks. He had bought them cheap, got the lot for a tanner. They were a little damp so he hung them up on a line to dry. Across each sack was written in large black letters : MADE IN GERMANY.

'They are good sacks ; can't think why I got them so cheap. They are made of fine strong stuff.' Then, knitting his brows and looking intently at me : 'There's not anything wrong about them, is there ?'

'No, they are made of good stuff, and you got 'em cheap. You know what's written on them ?'

'No, blessed if I do.'

'"Made in Germany."'

'Gor-damn-it, is that so? Damned if I'll have any German stuff lying about my place.' He began to pull the sacks from the line. 'I couldn't read, silly old fool that I am. I'll burn 'em fast enough—see if I don't. Here, missus, what's this written on these sacks? "Made in Germany"—is that it? I won't have none of their stuff about my place.'

Mrs. Cogan shook her head and laughed. 'There, why did you tell him?' she said to me. 'I don't see why they are not as good made in Germany as elsewhere. Don't you do none of your nonsense.'

'No, can't have any German stuff here. I'll burn 'em, danged if I don't.'

And he did.

For three years we were good neighbours, and one cannot live close to a man alone in the country for so long without getting to know the intimate emotions of his life. I think the dominating emotions that Cogan experienced were his pride and love for his little daughter Phyllis. It was obvious that he got pleasure from merely looking at the child. He would sit and gaze at her. I don't think he ever thought of disguising his emotions, and so it was no wonder that Phyllis was what is called a spoilt child. She knew just how far she could go with her father, or thought she did. She would worry him for pennies, and get them too. He found it difficult to refuse her anything, though he would grumble when she asked for money. Phyllis was one of those little girls who are always talking. She was precocious and clever in her way. Her chief fault was that she was always making a noise, and, if she had nothing to say and no questions to ask, she would repeat her lessons over and over again in a loud singsong voice. At school she was in a standard rather in advance of her age. Her father never let a chance go of telling one that fact: he must have told me dozens of times. I think he felt that in her shone all his own potentialities, those elements in his character which had never developed.

Although Mrs. Cogan maintained that he spoilt the child, I sometimes heard the threat, 'I'll tell your father of you.' Phyllis, who was intelligent enough to perceive the passion that lay dormant under his mask of resignation, would submit, for the time, to her mother. One of the troubles was that, like most other children, she stole things. She was particularly fond of stealing sugar and raisins. It was over this most of all that Mrs. Cogan worried: sugar and raisins cost a good deal in a poor household. I don't

think she ever told her husband ; she knew the strictness of his code, and was, by experience and temperament, unwilling to raise his anger. She set a break-back mouse-trap in the sugar tin, and had the satisfaction of knowing that she had caught her daughter's fingers. That, no doubt, was a salutary lesson, but it did not suffice. A crisis came suddenly. Cogan together with his daughter was involved in a betrayal of trust. He was moved to a terrible paroxysm of anger and pain.

One Sunday morning I heard great wailings coming from the next-door cottage. I went out to see what was the matter. In the wash-house at the back Cogan was seated on a chair. The child was held firmly between his knees : she was weeping with terror. The man was also shaken with sobs. His hands were uplifted ; tears coursed down the deep lines of his face, ran into the grey hairs of his moustache and dripped off the ends. 'Don't let me touch her, don't let me touch her !' he cried. 'I daren't strike her. If I struck her I'd kill her. Don't let me strike her. I daren't strike her !' He called to me to come and hear. 'The little hussy, the little hussy,' he sobbed. 'She has brought shame on me !'

He could hardly find words for the story ; he sobbed, and all the while tears ran down his face. It came slowly, with repetitions, and while he spoke he held his large, work-hardened hands trembling above the child's head, afraid lest contact with her might tempt him to kill the thing he loved. He had offered to post a letter for a neighbour. He had forgotten about it, and brought it home to his cottage. He remembered it, and gave it to Phyllis and told her to post it. She hadn't wanted to, and had said as much. 'Very well then,' he had said, 'I'll give you a penny. Run along now and post it.' She had taken the penny and made off, but she had not posted the letter. She had thrown it into a ditch and had gone off to play with some other children. And now, a week later, the letter had been found. He tasted the full bitterness of it all. He would have to tell the people who had sent the letter how that his child, that he was always boasting about, had betrayed him. She had stolen the letter, she was a thief—for it came to that, so he declared. 'She took the penny, the little hussy !' he kept repeating.

He still held her tight between his knees, loving and hating her, unable to give her the beating which he felt she deserved, afraid lest he might kill her because of the passions within him of love and of pride.

THE EARLY WRITINGS OF LEWIS CARROLL.

BY HIS HONOUR JUDGE PARRY.

CHARLES LUTWIDGE DODGSON, better known to the world as Lewis Carroll, was born on January 27, 1832, at Daresbury, near Warrington, of which parish his father was then incumbent. As a young man, while he was still at Rugby, he amused himself and his family by bringing out local magazines of a topical and domestic character, the pictures and writing of which were almost entirely his own. Mr. Collingwood, his biographer, gives some amusing extracts from *The Rectory Umbrella* (1849). Later on there was another periodical called *Misch-Masch*, but both these were purely private and family affairs.

It is said by his biographer that his first literary work published to the world was contributed to the *Comic Times*. The first number of the *Comic Times* was dated Saturday, August 11, 1855 (not, as Mr. Collingwood has it, 1853). At this date Lewis Carroll, who was resident in Oxford, was twenty-three years old. He had recently taken his degree and had been appointed Sub-Librarian at Christ Church. In June of this year he had visited London, and an extract from his Journal shows that he had visited the Princess's Theatre and seen Mrs. Kean as Queen Catherine in *Henry VIII*. We are told that it was through Frank Smedley that Lewis Carroll became a contributor to the *Comic Times*, and it would be exceedingly interesting to know how young Dodgson, who had spent his life at Rugby, Oxford, and in family country rectories, and was looking forward to ordination, should find himself one of a band of clever, if somewhat Bohemian, literary men in London and a welcome contributor to their journals.

The *Comic Times*, a copy of which I have unfortunately been unable to discover, was a venture of Mr. Ingram, the proprietor of the *Illustrated London News*. In 1855 Edmund Yates, who was then about four-and-twenty and had contributed light verse to the *Illustrated London News*, was sent for by Mr. Ingram, who was at warfare with Bradbury and Evans, and commissioned to start the *Comic Times*, which was to be issued at a penny, and was intended to be a thorn in the side of *Punch*.

Yates started off with youthful enthusiasm, and Bohemia met him with open arms. Frank Seudamore, W. P. Hale ('Billy' Hale, immortalised in Thackeray's quip: 'Good Billy Hale, take

him for half-and-half, We ne'er shall look upon his like again'), John Oxenford, George Augustus Sala, the brothers Brough (William Brough and Robert Brough—'Bill' and 'Bob' in the taverns of Bohemia, or, when their backs were turned, 'Clean Brough' and 'Clever Brough'),—these were the writers, and the artists were Charles H. Bennett and William McConnell. It seems doubtful whether Frank Smedley was ever a contributor—probably not—and Edmund Yates in his reminiscences does not mention Dodgson as one of his contributors to the *Comic Times*.

Smedley, however, was an intimate friend of Edmund Yates. Poor Frank Smedley, whose 'Frank Fairlegh' and 'Lewis Arundel' delighted the boys of more than one generation, was a permanent invalid imprisoned in a wheeled chair in his rooms at Jermyn Street. His physical malady made society impossible to him, but those few who knew him speak of him as a fine, manly character and a man of pure heart in whom was no guile. He and Yates were firm friends. They wrote a little volume together, 'Mirth and Metre by Two Merry Men,' with some parodies of Tennyson and Longfellow in it, funnily illustrated by William McConnell. This little book was mighty popular, and it may be that it attracted Lewis Carroll to Smedley; but how the young don of Christ Church became friendly with the invalid of Jermyn Street there is, as far as I know, no record, though one can well see that they would be kindred spirits.

For the rest I cannot say that it is easy to picture Lewis Carroll in the land of Bohemia—'a land of chambers, billiard rooms and oyster suppers: a land of song: a land where soda-water flows freely in the morning: a land of tin dish covers and foaming porter' seen through a haze of much tobacco. One can believe that Lewis Carroll would greatly admire Robert Brough's 'Cracker Bon Bon' and quote its puns and rejoice in its parody and nonsense verse—perhaps some of the best in the language. But one cannot believe that he ever sat up of nights with 'Clever Brough,' already nearing his tragic end, who wrote this bitter autobiography to a friend:

'I'm twenty-nine. I'm twenty-nine!
I've drunk too much of beer and wine,
I've had too much of love and strife,
I've given a kiss to Johnson's wife
And sent a lying note to mine—
I'm twenty-nine! I'm twenty-nine!'

This was no companion for Lewis Carroll.

Indeed, but for Mr. Collingwood's statement—'It was through Frank Smedley that Mr. Dodgson became one of the contributors' to the *Comic Times*, and that several of his poems had appeared in it which met with the editor's approval—I should have supposed that Dodgson first wrote for *The Train*. For Edmund Yates in his memoirs only mentions him as a contributor to that magazine, saying: 'In number three [of *The Train*] I published a poem by "Lewis Carroll," under which pseudonym, then first adopted, the author has since won vast popularity.'

Edmund Yates describes all his contributors with much detail and good humour, but says nothing more about Dodgson, so that I am inclined to think their communications were epistolary and not personal, and that the young Oxford don was not in any sense a comrade of the very Bohemian staff of *The Train*. No doubt he was in sympathy with their written work and well content to be allowed to hang his early work in their gallery, signed by a name that would not be recognised within the respectable curtilage of Christ Church.

The *Comic Times* came to a sudden end. Ingram tired of it, and after sixteen numbers he wound it up, leaving editor and contributors out of a job. But the youthful band was not to be balked of its opportunity, and bravely started a monthly magazine of their own on a co-operative basis—a subscription of £10 each, £120 in all being the capital subscribed. 'The staff was the same as the staff of the *Comic Times*, with the addition of Frank Smedley,' says Edmund Yates, 'who joined us at once at my suggestion.' No one was to be paid for contributions, but profits were ultimately to be divided. Alas! there were none to divide.

On January 1, 1856, *The Train* appeared in a green cover with a vignette of an express coming out of a tunnel and the motto *Vires acquirit eundo* printed under the little picture. It was a plucky prophecy, and one could have wished that it had been fulfilled, and that the proprietors had seen their magazine 'gain new strength and vigour as it goes.' But after two years and a half it died bankrupt, owing Edmund Yates over nine hundred pounds.

But lovers of 'Alice in Wonderland' will for all time make a pilgrimage to its pages that they may read the earliest text of some of Lewis Carroll's work and see with reverent eyes the first page that contains the famous *nom de guerre*. The history of the name

is interesting. After Smedley had introduced Dodgson to Yates they corresponded and, whether or not Dodgson contributed to the *Comic Times*, he certainly contributed to *The Train*, and the editor preferred that he should sign his contributions.

Lewis Carroll thereupon set down for Yates two anagrams and two portmanteau-words, as he would call them, founded on his real Christian names—Charles Lutwidge. The anagrams were Edgar Cuthwellis and Edgar U. C. Westhall, the other suggestions, Louis Carroll and Lewis Carroll, being founded thus: Lewis = Ludovicus = Lutwidge, and Carroll = Carolus = Charles. With sure editorial instinct, Edmund Yates chose Lewis Carroll.

It was in March 1856, according to Edmund, that the pseudonym was first used. Lewis Carroll's biographer places the date in May. It is a small matter, but Edmund Yates is correct. The full list of Lewis Carroll's contributions to *The Train* is set out at length.

1856. Vol. I. p. 154. 'Solitude,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by W. McConnell.
- „ Vol. I. p. 191. 'Ye Carpette Knyghte' (unsigned), printed, as in 'Rhyme? and Reason?' in old English letters. With the exception of spelling, the three verses are the same.
- „ Vol. I. p. 286. 'The Path of Roses,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by C. H. Bennett.
- „ Vol. II. p. 249. 'Novelty and Romancement: A Broken Spell.' By Lewis Carroll, illustrated by W. McConnell.
- „ Vol. II. p. 255. 'Upon the Lonely Moor' (unsigned).
- „ Vol. II. p. 278. 'The Three Voices,' by Lewis Carroll. A somewhat different version of the present poem in 'Rhyme? and Reason?'
- „ Vol. III. p. 231. 'The Sailor's Wife,' by Lewis Carroll, illustrated by C. H. Bennett.
1857. Vol. IV. p. 332. 'Hiawatha's Photographing,' by Lewis Carroll.

In Vol. V., the last volume of *The Train*, there is no contribution from Lewis Carroll.

'Solitude,' 'The Path of Roses,' and 'The Sailor's Wife' are serious poems and may be found reprinted in 'Phantasmagoria and Other Poems' (1869) and 'Three Sunsets' (1898).

'Solitude' is dated by Lewis Carroll March 16, 1853, and was therefore written when he was only one-and-twenty. It is a pretty poem, and the last two verses are prophetic in their appeal :

'Ye golden hours of life's young spring,
Of innocence, of love and truth !
Bright beyond all imagining,
Thou fairy dream of youth !

'I'd give all wealth that toil hath piled,
The bitter fruit of life's decay,
To be once more a little child
For one short sunny day.'

But the great interest in these contributions to *The Train* centres in 'Upon the Lonely Moor,' which all lovers of the 'Alice' books will be interested to read at length, exactly as it was first published in *The Train* of 1856.

'UPON THE LONELY MOOR.

'It is always interesting to ascertain the sources from which our great poets obtained their ideas : this motive has dictated the publication of the following : painful as its appearance must be to the admirers of Wordsworth and his poem of "Resolution and Independence" :

'I met an aged, aged man
Upon the lonely moor :
I knew I was a gentleman,
And he was but a boor.
So I stopped and roughly questioned him,
"Come, tell me how you live !"
But his word impressed my ear no more
Than if it were a sieve.

'He said "I look for soap-bubbles,
That lie among the wheat,
And bake them into mutton-pies,
And sell them in the street.
I sell them unto men," he said,
"Who sail on stormy seas ;
And that's the way I get my bread—
A trifle, if you please."

' But I was thinking of a way
 To multiply by ten,
 And always, in the answer, get
 The question back again.
 I did not hear a word he said,
 But kicked that old man calm,
 And said, " Come, tell me how you live ! "
 And pinched him in the arm.

' His accents mild took up the tale :
 He said " I go my ways,
 And when I find a mountain-rill,
 I set it in a blaze.
 And thence they make a stuff they call
 Rowland's Macassar Oil ;
 But fourpence-halfpenny is all
 They give me for my toil."

' But I was thinking of a plan
 To paint one's gaiters green,
 So much the colour of the grass
 That they could ne'er be seen.
 I gave his ear a sudden box,
 And questioned him again,
 And tweaked his grey and reverend locks,
 And put him into pain.

' He said " I hunt for haddocks' eyes
 Among the heather bright,
 And work them into waistcoat-buttons
 In the silent night.
 And these I do not sell for gold,
 Or coin from silver-mine,
 But for a copper halfpenny,
 And that will purchase nine.

" I sometimes dig for buttered rolls,
 Or set limed twigs for crabs ;
 I sometimes search the flowery knolls
 For wheels of Hansom-cabs.
 And that's the way " (he gave a wink)
 " I get my living here,
 And very gladly will I drink
 Your honour's health in beer."

'I heard him then, for I had just
Completed my design
To keep the Menai bridge from rust
By boiling it in wine.
I duly thanked him, ere I went,
For all his stories queer,
But chiefly for his kind intent
To drink my health in beer.

'And now if e'er by chance I put
My fingers into glue,
Or madly squeeze a right-hand foot
Into a left-hand shoe ;
Or if a statement I aver
Of which I am not sure,
I think of that strange wanderer
Upon the lonely moor.'

One interest of the above version of 'The Aged Man' is that Lewis Carroll in his salad days, writing for his friend Edmund Yates, made no bones about asserting that his poem was a parody on Wordsworth's 'Resolution and Independence.'

I find in some marginalia in my copy of Wordsworth, pencilled many years ago, I noticed the parallel, but I had wholly forgotten the matter, and certainly had not seen how close the parody was in spirit, if not in rhythm. The Poet and Traveller has quite a touch of the White Knight about him. When he meets the old leech-gatherer on 'the margin of some moorish flood,' he immediately tells us :

'Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
I saw a Man before me unawares :
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.'

And after impressing us with the agedness of the old man, the Traveller proceeds to inquire :

'What occupation do you there pursue ?
This is a lonesome place for one like you.'

The aged one, true to type, replies with words that 'came feebly, from a feeble chest,' that :

'to these waters he had come
To gather leeches, being old and poor :
Employment hazardous and wearisome.'

He explained at quite unnecessary length that 'in this way he gained an honest maintenance,' but the Traveller was deep in other thoughts.

'The old man still stood talking by my side ;
But now his voice to me was like a stream
Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide.'

Suddenly awaking, however, to the fact that the ancient leech-gatherer is burbling about the worries of the leech business, the Traveller's 'former thoughts returned,' and so :

'Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew ;
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do ?"'

Lewis Carroll, with his keen instinct for the ludicrous and love of parody, saw a subject to his hand and caught the comic spirit of the thing in a flash. When, in 1856, he wrote it for *The Train* he had no objection to avowing that it was a parody of Wordsworth's poem, but in 1871, when he used the piece again in 'Through the Looking-Glass,' he seems to have preferred to leave his indebtedness to Wordsworth more obscure.

One cannot help thinking that there are some lines in the first version in *The Train* that might have been spared and retained in the White Knight's version in 'Through the Looking-Glass.'

In the second verse the making of soap-bubbles into mutton pies is better than the use of butterflies, which are obviously dragged in for the rhyme. Personally, I prefer the idea of dyeing 'gaiters' as less farcical than 'whiskers'—which always smack of the Victorian music-hall—and the exercise of multiplication by ten to get the resultant of the question asked is what an old friend of mine used to call 'an exact Carrollary.'

In the same number of *The Train* in which 'Upon the Lonely Moor' appears, there is a prose humorous story entitled 'Novelty and Romancement,' also by Lewis Carroll. The fun of this is centred in a grotesque pun which leads the author, whose soul yearns for poetry, to seek the meaning of the signboard 'Simon Lubkin Dealer in Romancement.' It appears at the end of an amusing interview with the bewildered Simon that what he really dealt in was Roman cement, but the signwriter had run the two words together, as Lewis Carroll did so cleverly in after life with his wonderful portmanteau words. It is curious he did not reprint this piece, as his mock confessions of his early efforts at poetry with

which he introduces his jesting story are characteristic, and certainly 'Romancement' is a very pretty word.

'My thirst and passion from boyhood,' he says, '(predominating over the love of taws and running neck and neck with my appetite for toffy) has been for poetry—for poetry in its widest and wildest sense—for poetry untrammelled by the laws of sense, rhyme, or rhythm, soaring through the universe, and echoing the music of the spheres! From my youth, nay, from my very cradle I have yearned for poetry, for beauty, for novelty, for romancement. . . .

' . . . The verses which I wrote at an early period of life were eminently distinguished by a perfect freedom from conventionalism and were thus unsuited to the present exactions of literature: in a future age they will be read and admired, "when Milton," as my venerable uncle has frequently exclaimed, "when Milton and such like is forgot!" Had it not been for this sympathetic relative, I firmly believe that the poetry of my nature would never have come out; I can still recall the feelings which thrilled me when he offered me sixpence for a rhyme to "despotism." I never succeeded, it is true, in finding the rhyme, but it was on the very next Wednesday that I penned my well-known "Sonnet on a Dead Kitten," and in the course of a fortnight had commenced three epics the titles of which I have unfortunately now forgotten.

'Seven volumes of poetry have I given to an ungrateful world during my life; they have all shared the fate of true genius—obscurity and contempt. Not that any fault could be found with their contents; whatever their deficiencies may have been, *no reviewer has yet dared to criticise them.* This is a great fact. The only composition of mine which has yet made any noise in the world was a sonnet I addressed to one of the Corporation of Muggleton-cum-Swillside on the occasion of his being selected mayor of that town. It was largely circulated through private hands, and much talked of at that time; and though the subject of it, with characteristic vulgarity of mind, failed to appreciate the delicate compliments it involved, and indeed spoke of it rather disrespectfully than otherwise, I am inclined to think that it possesses all the elements of greatness. The concluding couplet was added at the suggestion of a friend, who assured me it was necessary to complete the sense, and in this point I deferred to his maturer judgment:

' When Desolation snatched her tearful prey
From the lorn empire of despairing day;
When all the light, by gemless fancy thrown,
Served but to animate the putrid stone;

When monarchs, lessening on the wildered sight,
 Crumbly vanished into utter night ;
 When murder stalked with thirstier strides abroad,
 And redly flashed the never-sated sword ;
 In such an hour thy greatness had been seen—
 That is, if such an hour had ever been—
 In such an hour thy praises shall be sung
 If not by mine, by many a worthier tongue ;
 And then be gazed upon by wondering men
 When such an hour arrives, but not till then !'

In the fourth volume of *The Train* we find the original verses of 'Hiawatha's Photographing.' Lewis Carroll was an ardent photographer from the earliest times, and in this 1857 edition of 'Hiawatha' he describes his technical methods, which in later years he probably thought would be out of date and therefore not comprehensible to modern readers. Thus at the line 'mystic awful was the process' he continues :

'First a piece of glass he coated
 With collodion, and plunged it
 In a bath of lunar caustic
 Carefully dissolved in water—
 There he left it certain minutes,
 Secondly my Hiawatha
 Made with cunning hand a mixture
 Of the acid pyro-gallic
 And of glacial-acetic,
 And of alcohol and water—
 This developed all the picture.
 Finally he fixed each picture
 With a saturate solution
 Which was made of hyposulphite
 Which, again, was made of soda
 (Very difficult the name is
 For a metre like the present,
 But periphrasis has done it).'

Lewis Carroll appears to have been the first editor and moving spirit of *College Rhymes*, a little magazine of verse contributed by members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The first number appeared in 1861. Many of the poems that Lewis Carroll afterwards acknowledged and printed in 'Phantasmagoria' (1869) and 'Rhyme? and Reason?' (1883) made their first appearance in *College Rhymes*. It is not easy to say which contributions are by

Lewis Carroll. It is quite possible that, as editor, he often came to the rescue of an anaemic number by some impromptu verse of his own of a hearty and jovial character. He once uses the pseudonym Lewis Carroll at length. His serious verse he acknowledges by his real initials, C. L. D. For other verses that he afterwards reprinted he uses the initials B. B., or R. W. G., or K., or, on occasion, he prints verses without signature or initial.

The two following pieces—'The Ode to Damon' (1862) and 'The Majesty of Justice' (1863), signed B. B. and R. W. G. respectively—are certainly by Lewis Carroll. It seems curious that he did not reprint them himself, for they are quite as entertaining as some of the humorous verse in 'Phantasmagoria.'

COLLEGE RHYMES, III. 9.

'ODE TO DAMON.

'FROM CHLOË WHO UNDERSTANDS HIS MEANING.

* * *

- 'Oh do not forget the day when we met
At the fruiterer's shop in the city :
When you *said* I was plain and *excessively* vain,
But I knew that you *meant* I was pretty.
- 'Recollect, too, the hour when I purchased the flour
(For the dumplings, you know) and the suet ;
Whilst the apples I told my dear Damon to hold,
(Just to see if you knew how to do it.)
- 'Then recall to your mind how you left *me* behind,
And went off in a 'bus with the pippins ;
When you *said* you'd forgot, but I knew you had *not* ;
(It was merely to save the odd threepence !)
- 'Don't forget your delight in the dumplings that night,
Though you *said* they were tasteless and doughy :
But you winked as you spoke, and I saw that the joke
(*If it was one*) was meant for your Chloë !
- 'Then remember the day when Joe offered to pay
For us all at the Great Exhibition ;
You proposed a short cut, and we found the thing shut,
(We were two hours too late for admission.)
- 'Your "short cut" dear we found took us *seven miles round*
(And Joe said exactly what we did :)
Well, *I* helped you out then—it was just like you men—
Not an atom of sense when it's needed !

- ' You said " What's to be done ? " and I thought you in fun,
 (Never *dreaming* you were such a ninny,)
 " Home directly ! " said I, and you paid for the fly,
 (And I *think* that you gave him a guinea.)
 ' Well, *that* notion, you said, had not entered your head :
 You proposed " The best thing, as we're come, is
 (Since it opens again in the morning at ten)
 To wait "—*Oh, you prince of all dummies !*
 ' And when Joe asked you " Why, if a man were to die,
 Just as you ran a sword through his middle,
 You'd be hung for the crime ? " and you said " Give me time ! "
 And brought to your Chloë the riddle—
 ' Why, remember, you dunce, how I solved it at once—
 (The question which Joe had referred to you,)
 Why, I told you the cause, was " the force of the laws,"
 And you said " *It had never occurred to you.*"
 ' This instance will show that your brain is too slow,
 And (though your exterior is showy),
 Yet so arrant a goose can be no sort of use
 To society—*come to your Chloë !*
 ' You'll find *no one* like me, who can manage to see
 Your meaning, you talk so obscurely :
 Why, if once I were gone, how *would* you get on ?
 Come, you know what I mean, Damon, surely.

' B. B.

' CH. CH., OXFORD.'

COLLEGE RHYMES, IV. 96.

' THE MAJESTY OF JUSTICE.

' AN OXFORD IDYLL.

- ' They passed beneath the College gate ;
 And down the High went slowly on ;
 Then spake the Undergraduate
 To that benign and portly Don :
 " They say that Justice is a Queen—
 A Queen of awful Majesty—
 Yet in the papers I have seen
 Some things that puzzle me.
 " " A Court obscure, so rumour states,
 There is, called ' Vice-Cancellarii,'
 Which keeps on Undergraduates,
 Who do not pay their bills, a wary eye.

A case I'm told was lately brought
 Into that tiniest of places,
 And justice in that case was sought—
 As in most other cases.

“ Well ! Justice as *I* hold, dear friend,
 Is Justice, neither more than less :
 I never dreamed it could depend
 On ceremonial or dress.
 I thought that her imperial sway
 In Oxford surely would appear,
 But all the papers seem to say
 She's not majestic *here*.”

‘ The portly Don he made reply,
 With the most roguish of his glances,
 “ Perhaps she drops her Majesty
 Under peculiar circumstances.”
 “ But that's the point ! ” the young man cried,
 “ The puzzle that I wish to pen you in—
 How are the public to decide
 Which article is genuine ?

“ Is't only when the Court is large
 That we for ‘ Majesty ’ need hunt ?
 Would what is Justice in a barge
 Be something different in a punt ? ”
 “ Nay, Nay ! ” the Don replied, amused,
 “ You're talking nonsense, sir ! You know it !
 Such arguments were never used
 By any friend of Jowett.”

“ Then is it in the men who trudge
 (Beef-eaters I believe they call them)
 Before each wigged and ermined judge,
 For fear some mischief should befall them ?
 If I should recognise in one
 (Through all disguise) my own domestic,
 I fear 'twould shed a gleam of fun
 Even on the ‘ Majestic ’ ! ”

‘ The portly Don replied “ Ahem !
 They can't exactly be its *essence* :
 I scarcely think the want of them
 The ‘ Majesty of Justice ’ lessens.

Besides, they always march awry ;
 Their gorgeous garments never fit :
Processions don't make Majesty—
 I'm quite convinced of it."

"Then is it in the *wig* it lies,
 Whose countless rows of rigid curls
 Are gazed at with admiring eyes
 By country lads and servant girls ?"
 Out laughed that bland and courteous Don :
 "Dear sir, I do not mean to flatter—
 But surely you have hit upon
 The essence of the matter.

'They will not own the Majesty
 Of Justice, making Monarchs bow,
 Unless as evidence they see
 The horsehair wig about her brow.
 Yes, Yes ! *That* makes the silliest men
 Seem wise ; the meanest men look big :
 The Majesty of Justice, then,
 Is seated in the wig."

' R. W. G.

' OXFORD, *March* 1863.'

There are certainly other verses by Lewis Carroll in these little volumes, and anyone who loves his work might easily guess their authorship ; but I have not found anything of outstanding merit, and the two poems here given are signed by accredited initials, and their authorship is not a matter of guesswork.

I have hunted for a copy of the *Comic Times*, but without success. In some way it seems to have escaped the catholic immortality of the British Museum shelves. There may, perhaps, be work of Lewis Carroll in its pages if, as his biographer asserts, Dodgson was a contributor to this periodical.

These fragments from *The Train* and *College Rhymes* seem to a lover of Lewis Carroll's verses worthy of reproduction, and to read the original version of the 'White Knight's' poem may perhaps enable the oldest of us

'To be once more a little child
 For one short sunny day.'

THE CHURCHYARD HORSE.

It is difficult to know how to keep the policeman out of the anecdote, for he was such an immense policeman—he must have stood six-feet-two,—and when he entered my low-ceilinged room he had to double himself up like a carpenter's rule ; and yet when he enters the story he is but a babe in arms. This is a misstatement ; he was not in arms but rolled up in a shawl, and his mother had left him on the sunny side of a grave close to the vestry door while she, the clerk's wife, went in to clean the church.

So, save to mention his coming to call on me, bringing his little girl of five with him, and that she has no place in the story, for all she did was to stand most uncomfortably on one foot and stare at me without uttering a word, and that her age nearly coincided with mine at the time of these happenings with the churchyard horse, I am going to dismiss them both—for the present.

We always had prayers in the vicarage study, and frequently breakfasted there too. I can see the family and servants assembled on their knees, making arches of their bodies and staring through their fingers, elbows on shabby leather chairs, and myself not so comfortable, for the chair seat was about the height of my chin and I was compelled to kneel upright. Gertrude, my elder by six years, knelt at the chair next to mine ; she had brushed her tawny hair into long straight lines, and it fell over her shoulders like a waterfall and completely hid her face from me. The two dogs, Floss and Duke, sat on the hearthrug the while the Vicar's voice rose and fell, and presently Peter, Gertrude's black cat, jumped on her back and started to wash his face, purring loudly. The prayer stopped. ' Gertrude, put that cat down ; I have told you of it before,' came in stern tones, followed by an unusually meek ' Yes, father ' from Gertrude, and then there was much noise of claws holding and giving way as Gertrude, not moving her body, reached round an arm and dislodged the cat. I heard a stifled titter, saw a movement of her shoulders, and then Peter climbed to the chair against which she was kneeling and made a warm muff for her face. The prayer proceeded.

We rose from our knees, but our devotions were not yet completed. The Vicar took our service in inverse order : we read our

Bible after we had said our prayers. It was his custom to read one whole chapter each day from a book chosen, apparently at random—Exodus or Jeremiah, Luke or Hebrews, once started they were read through, regardless of what they might contain. Many and wonderful things did I listen to ; some most puzzling to my not yet six-year-old brain. The Vicar had a strong, clear voice that neither slurred nor mumbled ; the timbre was that of a big bell, and at times it was rather frightening. Terrifying sentences would echo in my ears for the rest of the morning, 'And great earthquakes shall be in divers places. . . . Fearful sights and great signs shall be there from heaven. . . .'

I knew what divers were. I had a picture-book with funny people in it, with what looked like garden hose attached to their very dreadful clothes. But why should there be earthquakes in their places ? And fearful sights ? All very puzzling to me, especially read as the Vicar read it with a threat in his voice, and in the same tone as he would say at breakfast later : 'Confound this cook of yours, Lucy : tell her if she makes a practice of burning the sausages like this she will have the sack.' Evidently it is not easy to attend to sausages and prayers at the same time ! An argument was started, an electrical atmosphere was at once created in the study. Would there be a row ? Would the Vicar thunder forth as he so often did ? The storm passed, and I dared look round the room again instead of down into my plate.

Although I was in this vicarage I was not of it, as was Gertrude. I was merely placed in it for a time, and, being very small, I was nervous of things, and particularly of the Vicar. But it was the Bible as read by him that frightened me the most ; it was so full of threats and awfulnesses—such frightful things had happened and were about to happen. They were reading the Book of Revelation when first I remember having to attend prayers. 'Lucy,' I overheard, 'why doesn't that boy come to prayers ?'

'Isn't he too small, Octavius ?'

'Certainly not : says his prayers at night, doesn't he ?'

'Yes, and the Matthew, Mark, Luke and John that Sarah taught him.'

'Very well, then, let him come : put the fear of God into him early.'

So I attended with the others and I heard the Revelation. I listened with wonderment to the seals being opened and to the tale of the horses and their riders. The white horse, the red horse,

and the black I understood, for they were the sights of daily life ; but there was a pale horse that confused my mentality and caused me much distress for some time to come. ' And I looked, and behold a pale horse : and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.'

It was the colour of the animal that worried me, because in the churchyard was tethered, sometimes by the week together, a nondescript-coloured horse, neither white, nor grey, nor cream, nor dun—well, just a pale horse. Rather like what I was myself at the time—faint-coloured as to hair, and no eyebrows that showed. ' How pale he is,' I often heard the remark made, and the description suited the animal in the churchyard. It was an evil-looking beast with ears that pricked, and if you went near it, as did Gertrude at times, it would rear and show an underbody with splotches on it, washed-out splotches which could but be compared to faint blots of ink on a piece of blotting-paper. It had a pink muzzle, and evil yellow teeth which it showed when it curled back its lips.

Did Death ride on that pale horse at night ? That was the question I asked myself. Death might—in a churchyard. I worried over the matter continuously, for I had been strictly forbidden to go near it—it was a dangerous beast, they told me. And the awe-striking way in which the Vicar had read the verse : ' Behold . . . a pale horse . . . and Hell followed with him ! ' convinced me that what they said was true. I dared not ask those in authority an explanation of these things, though I remember I did question the cook as to the probability of divers having earthquakes in their houses. But she dismissed me with a ' Lor ! I'm sure I don't know : don't come worrying here.' Once, when I stood afar and watched Gertrude tease the churchyard horse and make it kick, I timidly enquired if anyone—I should have liked to have said Death but feared to—rode it. ' No,' she replied, ' but I jolly well mean to have a try some day.'

' When ? ' I asked, aghast at such temerity.

' Why, silly, when the builder from Norwich who is repairing the church is out of the way. It's his horse, and he drives over from Norwich and leaves it here till he goes back once a fortnight.'

In a fortnight anything might happen ; many a strange visitant might bestride that pale beast. No need any more to tell me not to go near it. I most carefully avoided the horse—till it forced its company upon me.

As a new-comer to the vicarage, many and various were the inhibitions forced on my small mind. It seemed that the dangers were numberless which had to be prefixed with the word Don't. 'Now remember, don't go up into the onion loft, for you might fall through the trap-door. Don't go near the big dog in the stableyard, for he is savage. Don't walk on the flower-beds.' This from the Vicar: 'Don't go near the river or the boat-house,' and last of all, 'Don't go near the horse in the churchyard: he is a dangerous beast.'

In endeavouring to follow these instructions I encountered the jibes and oppositions of Gertrude. 'Little funk—'fraid of churchyard horse—'fraid of falling into the river—'fraid of water—'fraid the big fish and the wiggely-squiggely eels will eat him up.' And then her long and probably wet fingers would imitate the action of the wiggely-squiggely eels beneath my wide sailor collar and as far down my back as they could dive, and I would run with the best pace my short legs could make, and she after me, till the frequency of my flights made her tire of the sport.

I had never heard of a vicarage before I dropped into this Norfolk one, though I suppose there are vicarages even in St. John's Wood where, till I was five, I found a home. But none like this vast place, with an old rambling house, lonely and unattached to its village, set down in a huge garden, midst reed-beds and waterways, and land that was unsafe to walk upon and water that the Vicar in long boots, gun in hand, did walk upon or in. A house with a long tree-bordered drive leading to it, and stables and out-houses, and waste places thick with nettles that stung my legs when driven into them by Gertrude; at the back fields and fields and distant farmhouses, and in front miles of reeds, green in summer, cornlike in winter, with a distant church tower standing as a post stuck and left in the reed-beds, and farther still the streaks of open water of what is called a broad. My nursery window looked on this and on a river apparently without any banks to hold it, running through all the flat, soft ground. A strange country with a stranger—myself—in it, and, like the country, watery with tears because I had been placed therein.

My further acquaintance with the pale horse gave me, I remember, a very bad afternoon. As I have said, I was strictly forbidden to go to the boat-house, but at six one is apt to wander off and find oneself where one should not be, unconcerned and innocent. Unconcerned, because I thought on this particular

hot, sunny afternoon Gertrude was engaged writing out a Latin declension which had not passed muster with her father in the morning ; innocent, because at the age of six one has not lived long enough to have been found out many times.

On more than one occasion I had found the boat-house to be a useful hiding-place from Gertrude. Then the fascination of it had caught my imagination and, unknown to anyone, I made of it a home, my own house, whose warmth and shelter drew me to it. You reached it at a turn at the end of the drive, by a little disused lane of high banks and elm-trees, ending in ground that fell away from a sand-pit into a field where a few apple-trees grew, and a walnut also ; then by a track through long and generally wet grass, so tall and coarse, with here a reed and there another, that the growth was higher than my waist, and as I went farther and the reeds became more plentiful, higher than my head. Here the boat-house came to view, a humped, reed-thatched dwarf building which on short legs straddled the end of the dyke. It had a door so low that the elders had to bend their backs to get through it, but it was about the right height for me to enter when I had opened it ; a difficult fastening to manipulate with a bobbin that stuck.

But when I got inside the dimly lit building, how safe from all eyes was my feeling. Light, such as it was, was obtained from the water egress, and shafts of penetrating sunlight came half-way up through the opening. There were two wide doors which had once closed on a post in the middle, but their rusty hinges had long given out, and for the convenience of boats passing in and out they were now wedged back.

The boats, two of them—the big green family boat which, owing to its size, I considered safe to climb into and hide in, and Gertrude's blue-painted Norfolk skiff, sharp at the ends and a wobbly, dangerous craft avoided by me—were always there, tied up like steeds in a stable, quiet and peacefully asleep on the dark water of the boat-house. Till you got into one—then, like steeds, they at once became restive—such bumpings, such clatter, such pullings and jerkings of their painters, as if like horses in the stable they were stamping and tossing their heads—eager to be out on the waters beyond. So suddenly would the silence of the reed-sided house be disturbed by the bangings and swervings which echoed amongst the rafters, where it was impenetrably dark, and where old masts, sails, quants, and broken oars were stored,

that I in the bottom of the green boat would shut my eyes and plug my ears till the disappointed craft settled to rest once more. Then, when all had become as quiet as when I had first entered, I would open my eyes and look out, up the lilled dyke on to the river beyond. Without, the waters were so different from those within, for there it was blue and rippled with the wind, and from them came swallows, flashing in and out; swish—one came in and disappeared into the rafters—faint twitterings—swish—he was gone again, almost with the regularity of the tickings of a clock. Other birds swam and dived and ate things out in the dyke. Great craft would go sailing by, wherries they called them, craft of enormous black sails that stood up with a peak forty and more feet high. To me they were like the black swans I used to feed on the water in Regent's Park, hard by my real home, for at times they moved quietly, almost silently gliding past my opening; at other times, like the swans, they became angry and hustled along, bending over with a hissing, surging noise, churning up the water just as did the swans of my remembrance.

This particular green boat had a wide floor and made a convenient playing ground for my toys with which, if I could successfully avoid Gertrude, I would stroll down, and my one treasured book whose glazed and highly coloured pictures depicted

'This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home.'

Aloud, my voice echoing above me in the rafters, I repeated the lines on each page without disturbing the swallows going to and fro. I enjoyed intensely the independent feeling that this boat-house, now looked on as my own, gave me.

Every child plays at houses, and here was one quite unique, and no one knew that I had taken possession of it and made it my own. I had discovered a hiding-place behind a baulk for an old doll, and in bed I lay and thought about this treasure—at the vicarage dolls were not in favour for boys of nearly six,—wondering if it was still there and unharmed, with the young swallows twittering to it. I was pleased on my next visit to find it had not been moved, and that only earwigs had craved its company and hidden themselves in its petticoats. Greatly to my sorrow I had left a large rocking-horse in London, but I discovered that by gentle swaying I could make the green boat rock most deliciously, and as it rocked it made a delightful *sloshing* noise to which I could sing.

I was resting from this pleasant occupation, and the little lapping waves I had caused had sunk into a noiseless ripple when my ears were all aprick, for from under the door came the deepest sigh that I had ever heard. An interval—I turned my head to listen, and a qualm made me for the moment breathless, and then there was the sound of another deep breathing, as if something were smelling me out, and a blowing of big nostrils. No, I reasoned, this could not be Gertrude; true, she made frightening noises at times behind trees and bushes to scare me, but nothing like this. I waited—I hoped whatever it was would go away, but though presently the blowings and breathings ceased, I was aware of a presence outside.

I summoned enough courage—my few extra months and Gertrude's ceaseless tuition had made me braver than when the four terrifying figures of the Evangelists were lifted to the church tower, though I still was not very brave—to draw down to the bow of the boat and look through a chink of the door. My heart failed me, for I saw the head of the churchyard horse and his great wicked eyes, staring. Whether he was aware of my frightened eyes staring back at him I do not know, but at that moment he began pawing the soft earth, and throwing back his head he gave forth a neigh which would have woke the dead. I tumbled back into the boat, and prone on my stomach tried to hide myself.

Again I waited, but he was still there: I knew this by the occasional stampings and snortings. Gertrude must at last have made the attempt to ride him of which she was always talking, and he had escaped from her control. Was she dead? Since the prayer hour those few mornings ago I had never been able to dissociate the pale horse from the rider, Death, and I hardly dared to look out for fear of what I should see now. Certainly I dared not open the door and attempt to run past him; with equal certainty I dared not contemplate a night in the boat-house if so near me Death might keep vigil with his steed. An inspiration seized me—if I could untie the boat and push out I could land on the opposite bank, and a hedge would then be between me and the horse. I could run home the field side of the path.

It took my small hands some time to untie the intricate knots made by the people who secured the boat. But in time I cast loose, and by pushing against the sides of the house I succeeded in gliding out of the boat-house into the glare of day. But once clear of the building I had nothing to push against, and I found

myself helpless in the middle of the broad dyke. There were no oars in the boat: had they been there they would have been too heavy for me to use. There was, however, a gentle breeze blowing, and slowly, very slowly, my boat sailed out on to the river.

I do not know the time, but it must have been late in the afternoon, for the sun was low in the heavens—a great ball of fire towards which the current, stronger than the breeze, took me as the boat drifted on to the open water. I dared not cry out; conscience silenced me, for was I not *on*, not merely *near* the river, in a boat turning slowly round and round, going sideways, any way but near the reeded banks. In the distance I could see the pale horse of my terrors now quietly cropping the grass at the back of the boat-house, and I saw, too, and with perturbation, the sun-glowing vicarage, bow-windows ablaze, disappear into its trees and get lost to view as my boat drifted on.

I stood on a seat now, hoping I might be seen. But I stood there unobserved, with the golden light bathing me as slowly the house was lost to sight. Tears of remorse coursed silently down my cheeks. I was lost, yet still travelling on—on to where all lost children go,—the void the sun sinks into. I was drifting to the end of the world. Had not the Vicar often spoken of the end of the world? I shivered.

The breeze had subsided with the coming of the evening, and the mirror-like river reflected the reeds and flowers of its banks. So sharp and defined were the reflections that looking at them the world appeared upside down, and as I leant over the side of the boat I could see my own image in the water and I, too, was upside down. It was a companionable thing, this reflection, for with it I was not alone in the world, and I was continuously popping my head over the side of the boat to see if it was still there. We, my reflected companion and myself, were floating down a broad and very straight reach, so long that to my eyes it had no ending, no corner, and no turning: it looked as though our goal must be the great fiery sun who had sunk so low to the water that he could with care and comfort drink it up. I had long ceased to weep—one must have someone to weep to,—only dread of the ultimate end of my voyage held me, and I heartened myself by reasoning with my reflection that by the time we got to the end of the river the sun would have quenched his thirst. He would have gone—as he always did go—somewhere, and we should not be swallowed up.

I was busy assuring my image of this fact when I was aroused by a crash and the sudden contact of two hard substances which sent me sprawling on the bottom boards of the boat. When I had sufficiently recovered from the impact to look up, there appeared the head and shoulders of a very ugly old man leaning over me, while the rest of him was sitting in a tarry, shallow craft. I was relieved and frightened at the same moment, relieved because any human being meant rescue, frightened because of the sinister appearance of the old gentleman who introduced himself by pushing back a rusty wide-awake from his forehead. He took a short clay pipe out of his mouth, then spat into my boat, and said :

‘What the tarnation be yer adewen here, young feller?’

To be addressed as young feller seemed to put me on some sort of equality with the old man, and it heartened me to stay the tears which, had he addressed me by my name or with some compassionate epithet, must assuredly have flowed. I remained silent, staring at him, the thought rushing into my mind that he might be a robber or a pirate. Pirates were robbers on water; there was a book that had been read to me about pirates, but till this moment I had never grasped the real meaning of the word. Even now I had no time to think it out, for the old gentleman continued: ‘I ha’ been asquinten up ter river and watchen this ere boat come dinglen down on tide for the last half hour; thought at first there wor no one aboard her. Then I see’d summat abobben up and down; thought it wor a dawg, then I makes out yer, young feller, and I kinder summed up in my mind what wor up. Now I knows,’ and the old man pointed the oily-looking stem of his pipe at me: ‘Yer been adewen what yer didn’t ought, I warrant.’

I could only look down in confusion the while he went on: ‘Been climben and jiffen about in this ere boat as yer been told yer worn’t ter go nigh on. Boat works loose and yer starts off on a woyage yer didn’t know where. Folk at home all of a malt as ter where yer be, and a pretty hullerbaloo by now, I wager. Struth!’ and here he again expectorated into my boat.

He had summed up the position correctly; still he did not know about the pale horse of the churchyard which had caused the trouble, and it seemed impossible to explain, because from the look of him I doubted if he ever attended prayers. However, I summoned up courage to say that *by accident* the boat had got away

with me, and I intimated that I was very glad he had been able to stop it.

He asked me where I came from, and when I pointed to the vicarage he declared himself a fool for not having recognised Parson's boat and 'the Lunnon child as he ha' got sent down ter he.' After giving me many details of himself and of the penalties to which my disobedience made me liable—'knownen Parson as I dew, hot-tempered he be; wouldn't be in yer shoes for something, young feller,'—he invited me aboard his eel-hut, promising to 'draw' me home when he had finished his tea.

As he spoke he pointed to his habitation, an old boat with a roof on it drawn up into the reeds. Eel-hut! I hated eels: Gertrude both caught them and imitated their movements on my back.

So I politely declined the invitation to come aboard. 'I'm afraid of eels,' I stated plainly.

'Lor, bor, they be in trunk, they bain't in cabin; come yer on and yer shall ha' a look at 'em,' and without a 'by your leave' my boat was towed to the bank and a long box full of small holes was opened. I peered in and beheld a mass of green, blue, and black shiny horrors, all sizes, lying in coils on the bottom—a most repulsive sight.

'Eat yer? No, they 'on't eat yer, lestways not till yer be dade. They be partial ter corpses, they dew say, but 'tis a matter of opinion, and I never knowed a corpse hurt by them.' And with this small comfort he shut down the lid and helped me into his house-boat and bade me sit down on a locker.

Before I could refuse his offer of refreshment a mug of very strong black but sweet tea was placed in my hands.

'Bit o' bread and drippen?' he enquired, and drove his knife into a jam-pot and spread a slice.

'Thank you,' I said nervously, 'dripping makes me bilious.'

'Oh, it dew, dew it: bile is prevalent to them o' yer age. Well, ha' a biscuit, bit o' navy biscuit?' It was hard and very stale, but I nibbled it.

Then the old man fell to talking to himself as he stood at the door of the hut munching his food. 'Mean a bob, might mean tew, and a pint o' Parson's ale if I take the young warmen home. Better see about it,' and I was on the water again, the green boat being towed while I sat in the stern of the tarry one and watched the old man jerking his oars. We travelled back in less time than

I had come, too quickly for my liking, and I kept turning over in my mind how to prevent Mr. Bob Sims—he had told me his name—from escorting me from the boat-house to the study door. I did not possess a shilling to offer him—possibly in those days I had never had so much wealth—but I had one penny, and I thought I would ask his acceptance of that. On the way I tried to explain that it was a horse that had placed me in the position in which I found myself.

‘Oh,’ he replied, greatly interested, ‘churchyard horse—then someone as didn’t ought ha’ let he loose. ’Tis a peevish kinder horse; strictly spoken they didn’t orter keep it there. I’d better mention it to the Parson.’

I told him I would rather he did not, for, though it was the horse that had caused the real trouble, I was afraid I had been a *little* disobedient to go to the boat-house—which was not *quite* allowed.

‘Thought so, young feller,’ and his beady eyes twinkled. ‘You think as how Parson may give you a bit of cosh, eh? More than likely he will. Let this larn yer not ter go where yer didn’t ought. I’ll just land yer and see yer safe inter drive if that be suited ter yer mind.’

‘How much beer can you get for a penny?’ was my answer. Beer must have been cheap in those days, for he answered:

‘Half a pint if it be mild ale,’ and at this reply I handed him my entire fortune. He took the coin in his horny palm, looked at it, then spat on it and put it into the flap of his trouser pocket, resting on his oars as he did so and eyeing me curiously.

He asked me if it was my entire stock of cash, and I told him it was. Trying to be polite as well as generous, I added that its transference from my pocket to his gave me much pleasure, and I hoped he would enjoy his beer.

‘Oh, yer dew, dew yer? Then if yer writes Bob Sims down as a lowsy son-of-a-gun like that yer be wholly wrong,’ and he slipped my penny back into my jacket pocket and told me to buy some *cooshies*, and when I sucked them to think of the giver. We tied the green boat in the boat-house, and at the drive gates I parted from my benefactor. I am afraid I thanked him inadequately, for like a stag I bolted up the drive, round to the back of the house, and unobserved I gained the refuge of my nursery, and, sitting down, took my picture-book on my knees and in a subdued voice sang:

' This little pig went to market,
This little pig stayed at home,
This little pig had roast beef,
This little pig had none.
This little pig cried Wee, Wee, all the way home ! '

At the last line the maid, whose duty it was to put me to bed, burst breathlessly into the room. ' Well, I never, and here we have all been hunting high and low for you all over the churchyard and garden and goodness knows where, and here you be sitting as good as gold a-singing from your book. Didn't you hear us calling of you ? '

I was able with truth to say I had not.

I gave both boat-house and pale horse a wide berth for some considerable time. I never ventured to enquire whether Gertrude had succeeded in riding the beast ; had I done so the inevitable would have been that she would have conceived it her duty to make me mount it. ' Be a man, learn to ride, let me put you on *its back*,' sufficiently alarming if it had been an ordinary horse, but one that I was certain had come out of the Bible and on which *Death rode at night was no steed for a boy of my age and temperament*. I endeavoured implicitly to follow all the instructions that began with *Don't*.

Yet the pale horse comes once more into my life, though this time not through my own fault or of my own seeking.

I was picking up horse-chestnuts from under the chestnut-tree by the churchyard gate, and I filled my pockets with beautiful unripe specimens, rich brown with cream markings, of which, with the aid of string and penknife, to make delightful necklaces. I strolled from the shade of the trees to the sunny portion of the churchyard close to the vestry door, seeking a grave on which to seat myself and thread my beads, when I all but stumbled over a baby, wrapped in a shawl, lying in the sunshine in the trough between two graves. I knew the baby : Mrs. Grimes, its mother, cleaned the church, and she was at work now, for the vestry door stood open.

Mrs. Grimes frequently brought the baby into the vicarage kitchen, and to my wonderment gave it nourishment, chatting to the cook as she did so. It had lately had its nourishment, I concluded, for it lay asleep in its shawl with the sun to keep it warm. I seated myself on one of the mounds, and looked down on the morsel of flesh, and I had the feeling of being immensely big,

immensely strong, just as Gertrude must have felt when looking at me. I was happily employed boring holes in the chestnuts and threading them on the string when my attention was drawn by the thud of hoofs, and round the corner came the pale horse at a gallop, trailing a rope behind him. As my horrified eyes beheld him, he performed a sort of frolic round where I sat, paralysed, on the grave. He pulled up so short that he slid a few feet on the turf, whisked his long tail, and trotted right up to where I sat and the baby slumbered.

My impulse was to get up and run for my life, but fear held me to the spot. Then an extraordinary thing happened: the horse turned his wicked eyes from me to the baby, and I saw him seize the shawl in his teeth and lift the infant off the ground. I gave one piercing shriek, a yell that might have awoken the sleepers in that churchyard, and it had the result of making the horse stand still, with eyes growing rounder and rounder in astonishment. His mouth opened, too, and one end only of the shawl remained between his teeth, the other unrolled, which caused the policeman, no, I mean the baby, to drop out, and it came to earth like a long suet pudding unwinding itself from its cloth, and it rolled over once or twice till it reached my feet. My screams had brought the clerk's wife to the vestry door, broom in hand, and grasping the situation she came hurtling across the intervening space. When the animal saw the uplifted broom he jerked his head and flicked the shawl like a flag in the air, dropped it and then made off, kicking up his heels as he galloped away. It was then that I had the presence of mind to pick up the now whimpering baby—and so acquired a reputation!

'Oh, you brave, brave little boy,' the woman cried, taking the child in her arms and snuggling it to her bosom; 'saved the poor mite's life you have, saved it from death!' The word made me shiver; it proved, if I had needed proof, that Death had something to do with that pale horse. She swept my weeping self with her into the kitchen, where the cook and other servants gathered round. 'Did you ever know such a brave little chap? Oh dear, oh dear! gave me a tarn, it did—look at all the froth and slaver on the baby's clothes—look at the shawl. If it hadn't been for the dear, darling boy, who as I came out was attacking the savage beast single-handed, the baby'd been lying a corpse in the churchyard.'

The whole household seemed to have crowded into the kitchen,

and I was smothered with kisses, regaled with cake, the while the tears were hardly dry on my cheeks. 'Trembling, of course he's trembling,' Mrs. Grimes went on, 'and if you'd seen the animal standing on his hind legs holding my precious baby in his wicked mouth, and him all alone, never budged nor ran away, hollering for help and fighting the awful thing with his hands, you'd ha' trembled too. Thank God the baby is not hurt, or the little chap either. This is the last of it; those men shall not put the savage brute in the churchyard again: the Vicar shall see about it.'

I walked away eating my slice of cake, a moist slice; this recital of my bravery was so very upsetting.

Gertrude met me. She had withdrawn herself from the gathering in the kitchen, fearing that one very awkward question might be asked. 'So that's the end of my riding,' she said in tones of regret. 'Oh, do stop snivelling, do. What a fuss—fat lot you did, little funk! Why didn't you hit him a welt on the nose: he would have gone off and there would have been none of this nonsense—brave boy! listen to them,' and she lent an ear to the kitchen talk. Mrs. Grimes was still holding forth, going through the same story again and embellishing my prowess to each fresh listener. 'Makes me sick,' said Gertrude. 'Now I shall lose my horse just when I was getting on so well, for yesterday when I rode him he never bucked me off at all. To-day he did, though I had cobblers'-waxed my knees,' she added ruefully, 'and he got away from me like he did once before. He's only a bit playful with his heels and full of spirit, and if you hadn't yelled like a stuck pig nothing would have happened.'

'But he was eating the baby,' I protested.

'Eating my grandmother!' she replied with immense disdain. 'Just full of fun and play! It's my last ride, and all through you,' and she turned away in anger and left me.

It was as Gertrude predicted: the horse was no longer tethered in the churchyard. I believe they drove him away in quite an ordinary cart, and I knew him no more. And now the policeman comes back into the story.

'That, Ethel,' he says to the little girl after telling me the purport of his visit, 'that's the brave gentleman who, when he was a little boy, no bigger than you, saved your daddy's life. Of course I can't remember it, sir,' turning to me, 'being as my mother never tires of telling me but a babe at the breast. She

is nigh on eighty now, but she remembers the incident as clear as clear—how with your little hands you tore me from the horse's mouth. Lor! my mother goes over your bravery in those days! Never having had the opportunity of thanking you, sir, and hearing as you were in these parts, I wanted to bring my little girl to show you to her. That, Ethel, is the gentleman as was the brave little boy,' he began all over again.

Ethel did not speak. She looked up at her six-foot-two father and then turned her round eyes incredulously on me, as much as to say 'I don't believe it.' And I, looking at the father and then at the child, silently agreed with her, and because I could find nothing better to say, said 'Have a drink, Sergeant Grimes.'

'Thank you, sir,' said Sergeant Grimes, 'I should much like to drink your very good health.'

CHARLES FIELDING MARSH.

FRANCES MARY PEARD.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

THE name of Frances Mary Peard is familiar to the older among us as that of the author of novels that a generation ago were widely read—nay, there are who, happy in the possession of copies, still read them with keen enjoyment and find in them an aroma of still life, of days sweeter and more sedate than ours, of sleepy market-places in old French towns, or moorland hamlets in the West Country that she loved. A smaller circle may recall her as one who had seen much and travelled far, knew many cities and many men, and among them some notable men. But within the closer ring of her friends, a ring that death alone narrowed—for she had a singular gift for friendship—she impressed the imagination as a strong and almost majestic example of the persistence of race.

To go back—just a century and a quarter. Of the thirteen ships of the line that Nelson found lying at anchor in Aboukir Bay when he bore down upon them by the fading light of that famous First of August which witnessed the Battle of the Nile, two only escaped. One of these, the *Généreux*, a seventy-four, had the signal good fortune to capture, eighteen days later, after a desperate resistance, the fifty-gun ship *Leander*, homeward bound with Nelson's report of the victory. The *Généreux* carried her prize, which she treated after a fashion little befitting her name, into Corfu, and later reached Toulon in safety. Thence eighteen months later she set forth, convoying troopships and storeships in a gallant attempt to break the blockade of Malta, hard beset at the time by Lord Keith, who commanded the inshore squadron, and had under his orders Nelson, cruising farther at sea. In the old sailing days, when so much depended on the wind, the attempt was not desperate; but whatever chance it had was marred by the fact that the expedition was sighted by a small English frigate—named aptly the *Success*—which hastened to Keith with news of its approach. The *Success* not only performed this essential service, but, lying to leeward when the *Généreux*, chased by Nelson's squadron, bore up in an attempt to escape, it boldly hove to athwart the bows of the great battleship, which

could have sunk it with a single well-directed broadside, raked it again and again, and clinging tenaciously to it, so embarrassed and delayed its flight that the English squadron was able to come up and compel the *Généreux* to strike. The commander of the *Success*, 'whose spirited behaviour did not escape his lordship's notice,' was Captain Shuldham Peard, son of Captain George Peard, R.N., and father of a second Captain George Peard, R.N., who took part in one of the Franklin expeditions, and was the father of Frances Mary Peard; who thus came of three generations of naval men—men of Devon, worthy upholders of the Devonshire sea tradition.

Shuldham Peard had not the good luck to be present at any of the great Fleet actions of that day, but than his career scarcely any better example can be found of the chances and changes which Marryat has so graphically preserved for us in his pictures of naval life. He was once driven ashore on the enemy's coast, disabled and dismasted. He was twice captured, once when a mere youth in charge of a prize, and again twenty years later when in command of the *Success* he endeavoured to slip by a French squadron that he might warn the Admiral of its approach. Less fortunate than on the occasion noticed above, he lost the wind and, after a three days' chase, was overtaken and captured. Nor was he spared the peril least to the taste of a naval officer: in '97, the sad year of the *Nore*, the disaffection then prevalent in the Home Fleet spread to his ship. He dealt with it in characteristic fashion. A man of great stature and strength, he seized the two ringleaders with his own hands and so impressed their followers by his vigour that his 'people' returned at once to their duty. Lord St. Vincent, a man not over-apt to praise, wrote of his conduct on this occasion that 'its merit ought never to be forgotten, or to go unrewarded.' It is pleasant to add that Captain Peard survived all perils, and died in the rank of Vice-Admiral in 1830.

One letter written to him by Nelson survives, and though it has no historical interest, it is worthy of transcription, were it only for its genial tone. It bears the date of October 4, 1801, and was written from Amazon Downs:

'MY DEAR PEARD,—Mr. Pole tells me you have been so good as to take charge of two butts of sherry for me, therefore in order to relieve you from all trouble I have requested Mr. Clarke at the Waggon Office to send for the wine, pay all duties and to carry it to my house in Surrey where I hope one day to have the pleasure

of seeing you and giving you a most hearty welcome, for believe me, dear Peard, I shall ever consider myself as your old friend and your much obliged

NELSON & BRONTE.

‘Captain Peard.’

Admiral Peard had, besides Captain George Peard, a younger son, whose career was equally noteworthy, and whose reputation has in a measure obscured his father's memory. This younger son was John Whitehead Peard, a man also of strength and stature, who, Oxford tradition has it, once held, with the Marquis of Downshire, ‘the bridge’ against a mob of the ‘town,’ and who was to be later and more widely known, in Italy and in England, under the name of ‘Garibaldi's Englishman.’ A barrister, he found the law no sufficient vent for his adventurous spirit, and he flung himself into the cause of Italian independence. Rising to the rank of Colonel in Garibaldi's service, he shared many of his leader's dangers and exploits, and lived to entertain him in 1864 in his Cornish home. Of him no detailed account need be given, since Miss Peard herself, some twenty years ago, gave us in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE her reminiscences of him and of Garibaldi, and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, the historian of the hero, has, also in the CORNHILL, published his War Journals. Five touching words in relation to him may, however, be noted. Garibaldi, shortly before his own death, speaking of Peard to the latter's great-niece, said ‘I love him very much.’

Miss Peard's grandmother, the Admiral's wife, was a daughter of Admiral Sir Rodney Bligh, her great-grandmother was a daughter of Admiral Sir Edward Worsley, and her great-uncle on that side was a Lieutenant on the *Victory* at Trafalgar, where he was severely wounded.

It is not surprising that, sprung from such a stock, the subject of this notice inherited not only its vigour and determination, but a sturdy independence of spirit and the desire, as well as the ability, to see more of the world than was open as a rule to the women of her day. Born at Exminster before 1836, she was one of a family of five. Her only brother, Colonel George Shulldham Peard of the XXth Regiment, served with distinction in the Crimea; a sister became the mother of Major-General Robert Kekewich, C.B., the defender of Kimberley. Her own energies found an early outlet in literature, and, like her greater sisters Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë, she was still in her teens when she began to use her pen,

her early foreign experiences doubtless enlarging her views and providing her with congenial subjects. Before she was eighteen she had visited the Continent, and for many years, and long before it was the fashion to do so, she wintered in the south of France, in Italy, and particularly in Rome, where, her uncle's fame opening many doors to her, she was thoroughly at home.

It was at Rome, indeed, that, more than twenty years ago, the present writer had the privilege of being received by her in her flat, high up in one of the older parts of the city, and he well remembers the airy brightness of her rooms, with their Italian setting, their red-tiled vestibule and sparse Roman furnishing, and the magnificent view from her balcony, with the pigeons circling about it, and the roofs and cupolas sparkling away in the distance. Above all, he remembers the warmth of her welcome and the wealth of cunning Italian confectionery, unknown before, but greedily appreciated, which her tea-board disclosed to him. She introduced him to many things in Rome which he would otherwise have overlooked, and, much engaged as she was, found time among other excursions for a long day's visit to the ancient castle of Prince Odescalchi at Bracciano, where her presence procured special privileges for the party. And doubtless it was not without pride that she took him to the Villa Corsini, where the statue of Garibaldi presides over a semi-circle of his principal followers, among whom his 'Englishman' is not the least conspicuous.

In middle life she visited Spain, Egypt and Palestine, and some of the northern countries of Europe; and later, when she was far advanced in the sixties, she journeyed to India and Japan, and after a year spent in the East, returned to England to write her last book 'The Ring from Jaipur,' and to settle at Torquay in her native and beloved county. There, with many friends about her, she spent the latter part of her long life, and died a few months back in the fullness of years, and with her mental powers unabated.

Apart from her writings, she was a woman of strong character and much charm. Of a rare courage, she looked out on the world with clear eyes, and though she was anything but a 'free-thinker' as the word is commonly understood, she formed her own opinions, and went her own way, and not infrequently surprised her friends as well by the width and catholicity of her tastes as by the benevolence of her judgments. Her charity, where others were concerned, was great, and such prejudices—prepossessions they

might rather be called—as she retained were such as were natural in one of her class and breeding, and ever inclined to the sane and wholesome. In truth, nothing in her was more marked than the breadth of her interests; which even in her last years, when sight had failed her and she was confined to her room—disabilities which she bore with unfailing cheerfulness—extended from Prayer-Book revision to the success of a friend's novel, and from the views of Mr. Page on England's future to the odds on Captain Cuttle, whose pedigree was an open book to her, or the chances of Papyrus. To the last she maintained a regular correspondence with her friends, and wrote, or rather dictated letters, strong, vivacious and, where advice was sought, admirably to the point. Tenacious of life, she was tenacious also of all that made up life, and remained herself of value to the end.

She was a prolific writer. The London Library possesses twenty-five of her works—by no means all—and as far back as 1891 the Tauchnitz Collection—publication in which was then evidence of both merit and popularity—included fifteen. Among her early friends were Charlotte Yonge and Christabel Coleridge, and certain of her stories, and not her worst stories, show traces of their influence, though later her pen took a wider range. It is not feasible to deal in detail with works which varied as they belonged to an earlier or later period, but were alike in evincing a distinctive talent and a treatment which she had made her own. But it will be of interest to take one or two of each class.

Her 'Unawares,' which first won for her the ear of the public, was written, though it appeared fifty-three years ago, with no tyro's hand. It displays indeed all the special qualities that marked her work throughout—simplicity, grace, and delicacy. It is a tale of French provincial life, the story of a girl left, by the sudden death in a strange town of her only relative, in the guardianship of a doctor, as strange to her. A bachelor, approaching middle life, the doctor entrusts her to the care of a notary and his wife, who exploit her, deceive her guardian, and for their own ends delay the return from abroad of her old lover, in dreams of whom she finds her only consolation during a meagre and lonely life. In time the doctor, a fine character nobly drawn, is attracted to her and offers her marriage. She refuses his offer, but the magnanimity with which he accepts her decision inspires her with higher ideals of life and duty, and when pestilence seizes on the town she devotes herself to nursing the plague-stricken. At

length her lover returns, but while she has dreamed of him she has forgotten her, and, disillusioned by his unworthiness, she makes her guardian happy. A simple story: but the skill with which the quiet French town, the market women, the Bishop, the Prefect, the rival practitioner, and, above all, the cowardly notary and his tyrannical wife are painted, clothes the whole in an atmosphere which charms and convinces, while the force with which the slow on-coming of the plague is described not only grips the reader but goes far to prove that the author had herself taken part in such a scene.

In the same class is 'Mother Molly,' an historical story written probably in 1879, the centenary of the events which it commemorates—the panic at, and abandonment of, Plymouth in 1779, when for weeks the French fleet, triumphant and unmolested, rode off the harbour and a landing was hourly expected. Again a simple story of a girl of seventeen, mothering her brothers and sisters, guarding them and guiding them through the stress of dangerous days. Its main episode is, oddly enough, one familiar to us, for it revolves about a French resident—is he a spy or is he not?—who has gained the confidence of her brother, a youth of nineteen, and at the same time has lost a piece of his heart to Molly. How the Frenchman obtains from the brother a paper containing the information he seeks, how Molly's sister gallantly recovers it, how the spy—so drawn that he shares our sympathies—perishes in an attempt to reach the French fleet, how the little family fly for refuge to Dartmoor, all this is told with force and restraint. And were the last third of the book, which deals with certain adventures on Dartmoor, equal to the Plymouth part, the author would have placed to her credit—in the present writer's judgment—an historical novel of a very high class. Unfortunately the Frenchman's death is in fact the climax, and thenceforward the interest falls off. But the picture of Plymouth life in the eighteenth century, of the Hoe, of the panic and the work of the Press Gang, with the hundred subtle touches that prove the author's inbred knowledge of the place and period, make it a story which should be found on every Devonshire bookshelf. It has been more than once reprinted.

Miss Peard's later work, of which 'Alicia Tennant' and 'An Interloper' may be taken as samples, was perhaps more ambitious. 'Alicia Tennant' is a study of an heiress, so brought up, so fenced and guided that she has no will of her own, and is gently

and implacably edged—but not until she has lost her heart to another—into a suitable engagement to a man respectable, dull, and without imagination. On the eve of marriage she discovers that the love she has given elsewhere is returned, and she steels herself to tell the truth to her fiancé and to break off the match. But, alas! with the confession trembling on her lips, she is forestalled; he tells her that he is doomed to blindness, and as she is led to believe—to blindness accidentally caused by her hand. Overwhelmed, she lets the marriage proceed, and it is only when, seeking change abroad, she discovers her lover ill and deserted in a cholera-stricken town that she discloses the truth to her husband. He forces her back to England, and the story ends in poignant fashion with her early death. It is told with power and pathos, and the interest is maintained to the close; but it is sad, and the gloom is not much relieved by the happier fortunes of two lovers that are entwined with it.

In 'An Interloper,' published in 1894, Miss Peard availed herself of that intimate knowledge of French home life with which a long residence had armed her. The Interloper is a builder's heiress, married into a noble family, and for a time thrust into the background by the prejudices of her new connections. The characters of the Countess, her arbitrary daughter, her *dévoté* daughter and her weak-willed son, as well as of the builder and the brave-hearted heroine, are clearly conceived and sharply cut; and the drama which eventually discloses the young wife's quality and sets her in her rightful place, if a little improbable, arrests and holds the reader to the end.

Of others, of 'Cartouche,' a novel of Anglo-Italian life, in which a delightful dog plays the title-rôle, of 'The Rose Garden,' which, written in 1879, was republished by Smith, Elder in 1903, something might be said, but space is wanting.

She who did this work and loved to do it has passed from us, having in a degree, in the inevitable course of things, outlived her once considerable reputation. And probably she is not of the few who will defy time. But what she wrote, penning no word she would have wished to blot, Frances Mary Peard wrote to good ends, having high and noble ideals before her; and its influence survives. Nay, if delicate work wrought with grace and a fine simplicity, if characters clearly imagined and presented in crisp and natural dialogue, if descriptions always vivid and often eloquent, if these things may avail, it is possible that even her

name may not wholly die, but may live on when the pleasant memory of her which abides in the hearts of her friends has faded with them.

We have lost in her not only a woman of strong personality and a writer of no little distinction, but a valuable and interesting link with an age fast growing dim and remote. To one who had spoken with men who remembered Nelson, who herself knew Garibaldi, the dedication of these few pages seems no unfitting tribute.

ADVENTURES IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

BY BENNET COPPLESTONE (F. HARCOURT KITCHIN).

II. THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

THE Editor's Room, in which I never worked—though I saw a good deal of its working when I acted as Day Secretary and sometimes as Night Secretary—was typical, in its seclusion and detachment from common life, of the moral atmosphere of Printing House Square in the 'nineties. I shall have a more agreeable picture to draw of it when I come to deal with the period of reforming energy which set in after the South African War, but the dawn of that period at the time of which I now write was several years distant. The Editor's Room of the 'nineties was still the Editor's Room of the 'eighties which G. E. Buckle and his Assistant Editor, J. B. Capper, had first joined.

It was a large room and, though a back room, was well lighted and of cheerful aspect. It did not resemble at all that repository of gloom and sour smells—and incidentally of ravenous microbes of cold and influenza—which was significantly allotted to the Home Sub-editors. The Editor and Capper sat at large desks, and the greater part of the wall space was occupied by three glorious Hepplewhite bookcases, which must in their original state have been worth a small fortune. In the Editor's Room they were merely bookcases, just as a beautiful cabinet of Adam craftsmanship in the Secretary's room was merely a receptacle for ripening 'Obituaries.' Early in the Northcliffe reign the three Hepplewhite bookcases, perfect in the dull glow of their ancient polish, were sent to be 'restored.' They came back bright and sticky, incredibly vulgarised; perhaps the change thus wrought in them by a new hand was characteristic of more than of a passion for cleanliness.

The old Editor's Room, whatever may have been its faults of detachment from the world outside, and of aloofness from the subordinate staff of Printing House Square, enshrined the splendid tradition of impartiality in news and of accuracy of substance, which had made *The Times* in the days of its prosperity, and which sustained *The Times* all through those years of its decline, with which I am now dealing. One hopes and believes that this

noble tradition of impartiality and of accuracy—without which a newspaper Press is of less moral worth to the world than honest soap-boiling—is being fanned into vigorous life again in the new *Times* of 1923.

So far as an onlooker could discern Mr. Buckle seemed scarcely to be conscious of the fatal defects in the Walter Constitution—he accepted them as a Naval officer accepts the constitution of the Admiralty. Similarly, he was not called upon to effect a reorganisation such as might have fallen to an editor under different conditions. Organisation he found, upon his appointment in 1884, already committed to the Manager, J. C. Macdonald; it continued by natural sequence in the hands of Macdonald's successor, Moberly Bell. Hence, contrary to the ways of Fleet Street, much of what elsewhere would have passed for purely editorial management rested with Moberly Bell, and Buckle had neither a call from the proprietors nor the personal impulse of previous business experience to bid him make a change. Unfortunately, as will be noted later, even Moberly Bell, though he had been in business in Egypt, was a poor organiser. Yet an editor to be successful must be compounded in more or less equal parts of the learned professional and the crude business man. On the professional side he must know exactly what course should be taken day by day in all the emergencies which arise, and be able to keep his end up and make his view prevail with commercial managers and amateur proprietors. On the business side he must be capable of organising his team of news getters, specialists, and writers, so that his paper may be at least as efficient as any of its rivals.

But if Buckle did not take his stand as an organiser, if there was nothing of the 'business man' about him, he was a scholar, a man of high character, and his mind was as big as his great powerful body. Many of the qualities essential to a first-class editor of a first-class journal were his. In rapidity of perception he was beyond any journalist whom I have met. He would take a mass of manuscript, or a Blue Book, flutter the pages, and within half a minute put his finger unerringly on the two or three points which counted. All of us who have handled copy in volume for half of our lives can rapidly perceive and tear out some of the grains of wheat hidden in the bushel of verbiage; it was Buckle's sureness combined with his lightning quickness which beat any editor I have known. Then, though not an originator of ideas, and slow to be convinced of the necessity for change, once a change had been made which yielded

good results in newspaper copy he instantly recognised its worth. Nevertheless it was difficult in his reign for changes to be made except by those with whom he was in intimate daily association. Those of his staff who grumbled at his aloofness, his inaccessibility, never got near enough to him to perceive how shy and retiring a man this great bluff Viking of an editor really was. He did not invite approach, chiefly through shyness, but partly on account of the established etiquette of the Editor's Room which made of it the private cabinet of a Sovereign. Seclusion went, I think, beyond the necessary protection of the Editor's valuable time. *Entrée*, through the swing door which gave upon the corridor, was rigidly restricted to a chosen few of the Editor's associates. The Assistant Editors worked in it in the closest association with Buckle; the Day and Night Secretaries had official access to their Chief. Moberly Bell came and went as he pleased, and perhaps the Foreign Editor—though of this I am not quite sure. Valentine Chirol had access when I myself was becoming a minor courtier, but I doubt whether Donald Wallace passed that swing door at will. Wynnard Hooper, the adviser to the Editor on Finance, had to send in a message and call the Editor out whenever he had occasion to speak with him urgently. So had others of lesser degree. It was a frigid system. I have felt, as I waited upon the Editor's doorstep, as if I were a tramp asking to see the master of the house; it is not a nice feeling. In his tours of the office in the course of each night, Buckle visited the Chief Sub-editors in the Home and Foreign rooms, and held colloquies with his leader writers; outside the Editor's Room he talked freely enough with those of his staff with whom he came frequently into contact, but for us others he was unapproachable as a god. By invitation, of course, anyone could go in and see the Editor, but invitations were very rare.

Take my own case as an example. From 1904 until the early months of 1908 I was the Editor of the *Financial and Commercial Supplement*. I had practically untrammelled control of nearly all the Financial and Commercial articles which appeared in *The Times* on subjects other than the preserves of the City Office—the Money Market and Stock Exchange. I was the unofficial confidant and candid critic of Moberly Bell in his many schemes. The Editor, whenever he came to see me, treated me with a friendly kindness and a personal confidence which could not have been surpassed. Yet I had no right of access to the Editor's Room until

I became Assistant Manager of the whole paper. It is significant of much that I should remember vividly after all those years that swing door of the Editor's Room which I might not pass. And when I myself became Editor in Glasgow of a newspaper—as powerful and highly honoured then and now in its own territory as ever was *The Times* in London—I remembered. No member of my staff, however humble he was or however busy I might be, was ever denied access to me when he asked for it in the interests of our common service.

When the Editor was away and J. B. Capper was acting for him the atmosphere softened perceptibly. So that I expect the inaccessibility of G. E. Buckle was due as much to his natural shyness as to any conscious maintenance of editorial tradition. Capper used very often to invite into the Editor's Room those of us whom he desired to consult. *The Times*, in its days of stagnation, and in its days of reform in the first decade of the present century, owes an enormous debt to this shrewd, wiry, red-haired Midland Englishman from Edinburgh University who walked into *The Times* office without appointment in 1878—much as I did myself in the 'nineties—and remained as the Chief Assistant Editor to George Buckle for nearly thirty years. It was the common belief in my time that only those who had been at Balliol or New College, Oxford, were regarded as of scholarly vintage choice enough for the Editor's Room. But this alleged rule had not applied to Capper, a product of Edinburgh, who served his apprenticeship in Number Seven and in the Gallery. Maybe Capper, in the course of his eight years' residence in Edinburgh, was duly initiated into the blood brotherhood of Scotland and had been armed with a pair of those wire-cutters which, manufactured in some secret Northern factory, chop barbed English barriers like so much cobweb. Capper arrived, saw, and conquered. '*J'y suis*,' he must have murmured as he first sat himself down in the Assistant Editor's chair in 1884. '*J'y suis, j'y reste*.' For there he rested until his retirement a year before the War.

Capper's wiriness and capacity for work were inexhaustible. For a quarter of a century and more he never got to his bed on a working day till four o'clock on the morning after. Yet he was always alert and I never remember him to have been ill. One day last year I met him by chance on the Suspension Bridge in St. James's Park. 'Capper,' I exclaimed, 'you do not look a day older than when I entered Printing House Square in 1896.' He

really didn't. Until the Great Change of 1908 I am sure that Capper enjoyed what would have been to most men—certainly to me—a job of unspeakable dreariness. For, except during the bright weeks of relaxation when he was Acting Editor—Capper spent the long nights critically reading proofs. He was the High Priest of that religion of accuracy in detail which was the glory of *The Times*. I can fairly claim that the sub-editors did their utmost to support him. From the cavern of Number Seven, depressing though it was upon our health and spirits, we never permitted a line of copy to escape into the printer's tray until every fact had been verified which could be verified. We called into our service every kind of book of reference. We watched like Court Chamberlains for every misdescription by a careless reporter of a titled personage. We consulted maps for all place names. We looked up encyclopædias for technical descriptions. We 'vetted' the smallest of pars as closely as we revised the most important of reports or correspondents' articles. The Law and Parliamentary reports did not pass through our hands, but all the rest of the Home news did, from however exalted a source, and we stripped it clean of every mistake which we could detect. I remember one unhappy sub-editor—not a University man like some of us, but one who had risen from the ranks of journalism—who never could be trusted with a piece of social copy containing titles. Just as an Englishman can never explain to a Scotsman the usage of 'shall' and 'will'—many Scotsmen, thinking to be on the safe side, always speak or write 'will'—so we could never explain to this poor fellow the distinction to be drawn between Lady Montmorency, Lady Lavinia Montmorency, and Lavinia, Lady Montmorency. In those years, long before Lord Charles Beresford was created a peer, this sub-editor always wanted to write his name down as 'Lord Beresford.' We never succeeded in satisfying him that 'Lord Beresford' was not as correct as it was convenient in a narrow headline. Our colleague's masterpiece—achieved shortly before he ceased to be our colleague and blossomed to fruition in a field better suited to his talents—was the transformation of a short letter from the then Bishop of Stepney into a par. The paragraph, as it was printed in the paper—I rejoice to record that it eluded the superhuman vigilance of Capper (who, maybe, was having a night off)—the paragraph, setting forth a letter from the Bishop of Stepney began, 'Mr. G. F. Stepney writes:—" . . . "'

From early in the evening until past three o'clock in the morning,

with a decent interval for dinner, J. B. Capper sat at his desk critically reading proofs. His range was the range of the whole paper (except advertisements) of which he was not relieved by the Editor or the Foreign Editor. Anyone can turn up a file of *The Times* in the 'nineties and reckon up for himself the prodigious nightly task which it was Capper's unenviable job to get through. He discharged his duties faithfully and alone for years and years, until the expansion in the size of the paper necessitated the calling in of Monypenny as a second Assistant Editor. It was no perfunctory reading which Capper had to put through. He read not only for mistakes in detail which the sub-editors might have let slip, but for those much more subtle lapses in discretion, in judgment, or in taste, which, though they may pass unobserved in copy and even in proof, howl at an editor the next morning in the paper. Every man who has been an editor will understand the sort of thing that I mean. And it was a very, very rare thing for a mistake of any kind to pass Capper's eye. From long practice and experience he had developed a nose for a blunder, as mysterious and as acute as that nose, of preternatural sensitiveness, which warns an underwriter at Lloyd's that there is something rocky about a risk offered to him. I have seen a skilled underwriter take a slip from a broker, look at it, and instantly hand it back. 'What's wrong?' the broker would inquire in bland surprise. 'It's a good steamer, good owners, and a good voyage.' 'I don't like the smell of it,' the underwriter would reply, and the broker, without another word of persuasion, would go away. Capper had a nose just like that. A paragraph might look all right, yet Capper did not somehow like the smell of it.

An Assistant Editor, with the unsleeping eye of J. B. Capper, and the uncanny inexplicable nose of J. B. Capper, was a jewel beyond price in the Editor's Room of a paper like *The Times* which took an intense pride in the accuracy of its news. And Capper was much more than an exceptionally vigilant critic of proofs. He was a journalist. Had he passed his best years in a newspaper office in which a capable journalist could come into his own as certainly and straight as a homing pigeon to its dovecot, Capper would have become an editor of distinction in London. But the rigidity of *The Times*, of *The Times* as it was when I first knew it, gripped him too, as it had gripped Buckle and Moberly Bell himself. He too, from early association and from lack of experience elsewhere, was inclined to adopt that 'superiority' of

attitude towards other newspapers which was at its highest and worst in the Printing House Square of the 'nineties. He also, shrewd Midlander though he was, conformed to that soul-destroying belief that there was nothing like *The Times*, that there could be nothing like *The Times*, and that if people did not buy and read *The Times* so much the worse for them. I hope that I do him no injustice. I shall certainly not do him injustice when I tell how completely he later on awoke to the deficiencies of *The Times* in the changing world, and played a stout and most valuable part in the great fight to save the paper from the pit.

Leading articles, as the expressions of the opinions of the Editor's Room, shared in the sanctity which was inherent in that room. They might not always be very well written; sometimes they were indifferently written. They might not be always very well informed—as, for example, when one of the leader writers tackled a subject of which he knew nothing, and did not call for assistance from some obscure person who did. Nevertheless they were, if not verbally inspired by Olympus, regarded as no ordinary human productions. When I look back and recall the floundering, more than once, of an official leader writer when he plunged into waters in which I could swim with some confidence, I am at a loss to understand why leader writers ranked so much more exaltedly in the editorial hierarchy than the contributors of special articles. G. E. Buckle was a scholar, a man of wide and sound knowledge, and an excellent judge of quality in newspaper articles. He was also in daily touch, through the 'Letters to the Editor,' with the first authorities in England upon any conceivable subject. A specialist writer, who tripped up through lack of knowledge of the subject upon which he had ventured to write an article for *The Times*, was sure to get hard knocks when the Editor read his letters of a day or two after the article had been published. The writer of a special contribution who turned out 'tripe,' and got it printed, did not get many more guineas per column out of *The Times*. Buckle was not a man to be taken in by special articles which pretended to a quality which they did not in fact possess. He was offered and rejected masses of them. The general standard of special articles in *The Times* was high; they were as well written and quite as well informed as the best of the leaders. The common run of them was distinctly better than the worst of the leaders. Yet a special writer, who happened to be a member of *The Times* staff, had no rank at all beside that of a regular leader writer.

When, under the direction of the Editor, J. C. Ross or Wilson wrote upon Home politics, or Donald Mackenzie Wallace wrote upon Foreign politics, we may be sure that the articles were very good of their kind. Personally, I found the rabid Irish politics of *The Times* exasperating, not because I was a Home Ruler—I cared little for official party politics of any kind—but because they seemed to me to be unfair in tone and short-sighted in outlook. As leader writers both Ross and Wilson wrote vigorously and well and Flanagan more than well. J. R. Thursfield, when he dealt with his own subject of the Navy, and Brudenell Carter upon a Medical topic, were specialists of high rank. But J. R. Thursfield and Carter, on a third leader topic outside their personal range of knowledge or interests, were not always at their best. It will scarcely be denied, by those who remember *The Times* of the 'nineties, that the special articles in their wide scope and well-informed interest were more closely read and more highly valued than almost any of the leading articles. As time passed this view of the importance of specialist contributors penetrated the fastnesses of the Editor's Room, and favourably affected both the leading and general columns of the paper. More writers, outside the small ring of established performers, were allowed to contribute leaders, and brief special articles dealing with really human subjects, rather than with abstractions, began regularly to appear. But this change belongs properly to my second period at Printing House Square and not to my first period in the 'nineties.

Let me draw a little picture of a leader writer at work upon a subject with which he had no acquaintance whatever. It happened that in the second or third year of my sojourn in Printing House Square I was working in the Foreign sub-editor's room while a race for the America Cup was proceeding off Sandy Hook. The telegrams, as they dribbled in, were handed to me, because my Devon upbringing and my tastes for salt water had made me familiar with the technique of yacht sailing. Accuracy in detail was pursued even more closely in the Foreign news than in the Home news. I had pieced the telegrams together, sorted out the blunders, and made a connected story of the racing when Capper—who was just then Acting Editor—sent for me to the Editor's Room. Capper also had a taste for the sea. I took my story to him and explained what had happened. The English yacht had not won, but there had for once been a race. Capper judged that a short leading article, expressing encouragement, was called for. Now any news-

paper editor, conducting a paper other than *The Times*, would have said to me—the one man in the office who had handled the telegrams from American waters and who understood the technique of the subject—‘Get out the story to the printers and then do me a short leader.’ This course would have saved time in the case room, and would not, I venture to believe, have gravely disfigured the leading columns. But no. Though Capper was a true journalist he had been for a dozen years in the Editor’s Room, and could not bend his mind to the revolutionary conception of employing to write a leader one who, whatever might be his qualifications, was not a ‘leader writer.’ What he did say was: ‘Please take the telegrams to, explain the whole business to him, and ask him from me to write a short leader.’ So off I went to this regular leader writer, who was totally ignorant of the subject, and embarked him, as best I could, upon the perilous voyage of describing in print the intricacies of a yacht race to readers, many of whom would certainly be skilled yachtsmen. The humour of the business appealed to me even then, though I never for one instant had hoped or expected that Capper would entrust the leader to me. I, though known as a special writer on commercial subjects, was officially a sub-editor, and for a sub-editor to write a leader was unheard of.

The result which emerged from this remarkable—though exactly characteristic—procedure at Printing House Square was not what might have been expected. The official leader on the America Cup suffered what may be appropriately called a sea change before it was allowed to go forward to the printers. At about one o’clock in the morning Capper sent for me again. He was miserably turning over the type-written sheets of the article. It appalled him because, as I have mentioned, he knew something of the sea. I cannot remember his exact words; the substance of them was: ‘For God’s sake, Kitchin, do take this “slush” and make a leader of it.’ So I took the ‘slush,’ made a leader of it, resubmitted the draft to Capper, and so it was sent out. There was about four-fifths Kitchin and one-fifth to that leader. But the honour of the Editor’s Room and its traditions had been saved. A regular hand had written the leading article; Kitchin, a sub-editor, had merely sub-edited it. I have, since that first essay, often ‘helped’ leader writers to compose their articles, but never once in all my years at Printing House Square have I been permitted to write a leader all by myself except in my own Sup-

plement. I could write as many special articles as I chose—and I did choose—but not leaders in the main body of *The Times*.

The outstanding service of G. E. Buckle to *The Times*, to his profession as a journalist, and to his fellow-countrymen, was his resolute guardianship of the great *Times* tradition of impartiality—in the news columns of the paper. I have already dwelt upon his and Capper's unsleeping regard for accuracy. The leading articles which expressed the opinions of Printing House Square were one thing; the articles and telegrams, and reports and paragraphs, which gave the news of the day, at home and abroad, were another thing, wholly separate and distinct. There was no collusion whatsoever between the editorial opinions and the news columns of *The Times*. The opinions of the Editor's Room were never in my time permitted to colour or to influence, by omission or selection, the presentation of news as it was seen and understood by those correspondents, whoever they might be and wherever they might be, whose duty it was to report upon it and elucidate it for publication. This vital distinction in honest journalism between opinions and news was guarded by Buckle as he might have guarded a sacred flame upon the altar of his religion. It was his professional religion, and it was the professional religion of us all, whether we worked inside or outside *The Times*, in the 'nineties and in the early years of the twentieth century. Had Buckle done nothing more than this during his editorship of nearly thirty years he would have deserved well of the newspaper which he loved and of the country which he loved. An editor, more especially in days when newspapers are so widely read and readers so inevitably ignorant, who permits his paper to become a vehicle of cooked 'news,' a factory of that organised lying known infamously as 'propaganda,' should be condemned to the ancient fate of a traitor.

It is no light thing, and no easy thing, to hold aloft in the news columns of a great paper the sacred lamp of Truth. No matter how high-minded an editor may be, no matter how intellectually honest he may be, he is under the continual pressure of temptation to permit that lamp of Truth to burn with a smoky flame. When public feeling runs high in a national controversy it may seem even to him a national duty to indulge in 'news propaganda' rather than in real news. Without deliberately, or even consciously, 'cooking' the news columns an editor may falsify the presentation of news by distorting its true proportions, by giving—for example—

a greater prominence to information which favours the side which he editorially supports, than to information which assists the side which he hopes will lose. But whatever may have been the conscious or unconscious pressure brought to bear upon Buckle's mind he never yielded to it; for him the subtle poisonous temptation of the 'stunt' or 'news propaganda' did not exist. The news columns of the old *Times* may have been cruelly dull and thrown together with a shovel, but they always glowed with the inestimable radiance of honest and accurate presentation.

A Foreign Correspondent, an 'Own,' or a 'Special' put forward the facts as he saw them and drew the conclusions which commended themselves to his experience. He would frequently in his dispatches suggest a line of criticism; his messages would be published, but when he came to read the articles in which the Editor had expressed the views of Printing House Square he must very often have felt furious exasperation. For the Editor, *ex cathedra*, would speak with one voice, while 'Our Own Correspondent' of Paris, or Berlin, or Rome, or Constantinople, would be left to speak with another and different voice. But that very divergence of view between Printing House Square and its authorised Correspondents was the glory of the old *Times*, and of the utmost service to the English public. The Correspondents, no matter how eminent they might be, could not lead the Editor by the nose, and he in his turn would not attempt to influence, by omission or suggestion, the facts and views expressed by them. *The man on the spot had a free run in the news columns; the Editor and his skilled advisers judged the situation by the light of all the information which they possessed, and in relation to their own line of general policy. They reserved to themselves just as free a run in the leading columns as they accorded to their Correspondent in the news columns.*

It was the same with Home politics, with financial and commercial questions, with industrial disputes, with all matters of current controversy. The leaders of the two great political parties in *Parliament, and in their campaigns in the country, were reported with the strictest impartiality. Political news recognised no politics. If, say, a by-election were in progress, the Correspondent sent to look after it wrote upon the situation as he saw it himself as an impartial observer. It was no business of his to influence the electoral result; it was his job to ascertain and present the facts and to draw such conclusions as seemed to him to be sound. The Editor, in his leading columns, might openly back Mr. A, but if*

the Correspondent thought that Mr. B would win he did not hesitate to say so. It was the same with industrial disputes. *The Times* in its leading columns might support the employers in one dispute and sympathise with the workmen in another dispute; that was for the Editor to decide. The Correspondent might, as a daily duty, have read the leading articles, yet he did not allow them to influence his judgment. He examined both sides of the case for himself upon the scene of conflict, and presented the good points and the bad points of both sides. Of course, he did—more especially if he were a Shadwell—strongly influence the editorial view, but he did it legitimately by the power of his personality and by the extent to which the Editor valued his critical independence. Consider, in these days of 'propaganda' journalism—for once an ugly thing has appropriately taken a name as ugly as itself—what it meant to the influential public which in the 'nineties and the early century still read *The Times*, in spite of its defects of organisation and equipment, to be sure of getting an impartially accurate presentation of all sides in national and international controversies. So long as Buckle was the Editor, and so long as *The Times* was *The Times* of old traditions, readers could rest surely confident that the news columns would not be distorted or coloured in any manner whatsoever by the editorial opinions of Printing House Square.

Later I shall give a striking example of Buckle's editorial impartiality in the presentation of news and news articles at the time when I was Editor of *The Financial and Commercial Supplement*, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was conducting his raging, tearing campaign for Tariff Reform. The Editor of *The Times* in his leading columns supported Mr. Chamberlain; it was my allotted task to give, with the strictest impartiality, a moving picture from week to week of the trade and commerce of the country. Again and again my serenely cold articles, and those of my team of correspondents, made nonsense of Mr. Chamberlain's arguments, and of the arguments in support of him written under instructions from the Editor's Room. But never once in those years of intense fiscal controversy did the Editor ever suggest that I should temper those cold blasts of weekly fact, for which I was responsible, to the shorn carcase of Tariff Reform. On the contrary, whenever I produced a particularly good issue, in variety and quality, Buckle would send me a charming little note of congratulation. That was an editor to work for, to admire, and to love.

It seems to me as I look back down the years to the Editor's Room of the 'nineties that there were contained in it the visible elements of a tragedy. Here we had G. E. Buckle and his colleague Moberly Bell, both men hugely moulded in body and in mind, men of brains sufficient and of intellectual capacity sufficient, combined with high character and devotion, to fit out half a dozen editor's rooms as important as that one behind the swing door in Printing House Square. Yet they were denied the fruit of their abilities and of their labours because their Creator had denied to both of them those coarse common qualities which are granted to scores of thousands of common men who run businesses successfully because they possess them. Those two men had between them an abundance of the rarest and finest qualifications for their work. Their knowledge was wide, their interests were keen, their perceptions were rapid and accurate, their sense of public service infused all their public actions, and they were morally fearless. Yet because they were not 'business men' they missed success. Buckle, following the established system, left the organisation and administration to Moberly Bell, and Moberly Bell, though he had been in business in Egypt for many years, knew scarcely more of organisation or of newspaper administration than his literary chief. It was a pitiful tragedy.

Up to 1901, though not I think later, *The Times* could have been saved if a very ordinary journalist, adequately trained to organise, administer, and equip a first-class newspaper office, had been brigaded with those two great men and been granted full powers in his own line. If I myself had possessed in 1901 the knowledge and experience which I possessed in 1917—when I retired from the Editorship of the *Glasgow Herald*—the three of us, each working within his own sphere, could have saved *The Times* and all that it stood for in the life of England. But we could not have done it, could not have made a beginning at doing it, without first abolishing the hereditary Constitution of *The Times*, with its partnership at will in the copyright and its antiquated printing contract. The partnership, terminable at any moment upon application to the Court, hung over Printing House Square as a presage of impending doom. That which actually happened in 1907-8 was bound, sooner or later, to happen.

Across the corridor beyond the swing-door of the Editor's Room was the office inhabited by the Editor's Day and Night Secretaries.

I take a special interest in that office for I frequently worked there, sometimes for long stretches, as acting secretary to G. E. Buckle or J. B. Capper. In 1896 the secretary by day was F. T. Dalton, and the secretary by night was H. Hamilton Fyfe. I have been told that the Editor was with difficulty persuaded that he should have even one secretary. I can believe it, because Moberly Bell—until I insisted upon getting one for him—never employed a secretary, and had no belief up to his dying day in the utility of these invaluable pieces of office furniture. For the Editor of *The Times*, upon whom poured hundreds of letters and articles every day, not to possess a secretary, who could relieve his busy hours of nine-tenths of the bother of attending to them, must seem incredible to anyone who did not know Buckle in the 'nineties, and did not know Moberly Bell. But when I arrived in Printing House Square the secretaries both were there, properly installed, and of the utmost service to their Chief.

F. T. Dalton, a good many years older than Fyfe or myself, was one of those able men in whom love of good work for its own sake shuts out personal ambition. He was most useful to Buckle, he had been trained in a solicitor's office, and he systematically arranged all the 'Letters to the Editor' and articles—with notes upon their subjects—so that the Editor, on arriving at the office about five o'clock in the afternoon, could polish off a big basketful in about fifteen minutes. Buckle was an exceedingly rapid and exceedingly accurate worker. He marked all those letters and articles which should go at once to the printers, and scrawled a word or two of instructions on the others so that one of his secretaries could do whatever might be necessary in regard to them. Dalton's system—one of the very few business-like systems to be found anywhere in Printing House Square—was quite excellent. I have followed it myself hundreds of times.

Dalton, though an admirable secretary, and later on an admirable assistant on the *Literary Supplement*, always seemed to me to be capable of bigger things. He was so deft a caricaturist that every considerable collection of *Vanity Fair* Cartoons contains examples of his work, signed F. T. D. He was noticeably happy with Judges, maybe because he had himself been trained as a lawyer and recognised the legal points. He ought to have made a deeper mark than he did as a cartoonist. And as a 'taster' of books—Richmond will, I am sure, endorse this—Dalton stood in a class by himself. Every week for years scores of those crisp

little notices of New Books, in the latter part of the *Literary Supplement*, were written by him in the regular course of his work. He would seize upon the points of a book—and of novels, which are much more difficult to get the hang of than are subject books—in a very few minutes, determine the character and class of it, and compose instantly in his mind a notice which would tell readers of the *Literary Supplement* just what they wanted to learn about a new book. And, what is more wonderful, he never made a mistake. He never, I believe, while engaged in that dazzling performance of mentally reviewing four novels while he indulged in tea and toast at an A.B.C. shop—he never mixed up the plot and treatment of one novel with the plot and treatment of another. He did not skip a book; he absorbed its essence through some occult sense of his own. Dalton never brought down upon the head of his Editor a reproach such as that which I once received from an aspiring novelist in Glasgow. It ran somewhat like this: ‘Your review was most appreciative, but when your reviewer said that my book “ended happily in the usual way,” he could scarcely have read it. My heroine died of smallpox in the last chapter but one, and my hero took poison at her funeral and threw himself into the open grave. Those people who kissed with tears on the last page, and thereby misled your reviewer, were no better than supers. The publisher said that I had to marry somebody off.’

Dalton departed in 1897 to assist H. D. Traill to bring out *Literature*, a weekly paper for which *The Times* worked up a really fine boom, though Traill made a failure of it. *Literature* went off with a very big sale for a purely literary paper, and then drove its readers rapidly away by its obdurate dullness. ‘Golly, what a paper!’ as John Finsbury said of what he called the ‘*Athæneum*.’ I cannot recommend to the editorial aspirant a better lesson in the art of editorship than a study of *Literature*, and of *The Times Literary Supplement*, its immediate and lineal successor. *Literature* will teach him—as I fear that *The Times* of the ‘nineties taught me—how a paper should not be run.

The ‘Letters to the Editor,’ in which Buckle took a great personal interest, and which his Day Secretary got ready for his eye, were in the ‘nineties a unique feature in daily journalism. They still are. They are the most valuable ‘free copy’ in the world. Whenever anything happens anywhere, or any topic of interest is being discussed, the most distinguished authorities in the land will ‘write to *The Times* about it.’ And the Editor

encouraged them with all his might to go on writing to *The Times* about it. No efforts of other papers, even in the worst days of the old *Times*, ever succeeded in wresting away its letters as they did its advertisements. Perhaps if the advertisements had been as carefully watched over as the letters were, they too would not have been lost. Important letters were inserted promptly, and letters not suitable were politely returned to the writers by the secretaries. If it were desired to reduce the length of a letter the writer was invited to cut it himself. And the writers, feeling flattered by such courteous attention by the mighty *Times*, tried all they knew to win the favour of the Editor for their letters.

Amusing correspondence would arise sometimes out of those 'Letters to the Editor.' One of the most regular and most valuable of the letter writers of my days in the room of the Editor's secretary was old Lord Grimthorpe. We used to underline for the Editor the star letters and articles in our lists, so that if much pressed for time he could deal with these important ones first. We always underlined Lord Grimthorpe. A controversy was raging about the most convenient side of a pavement on which to walk; it is a subject which never grows old. Lord Grimthorpe had sent in a letter upon this subject and had signed it 'An Old Street Walker.' I ventured, when I took the Editor his letters at five o'clock, to call his special attention to this remarkable signature. Buckle roared, and when Buckle laughed there was no doubt about it; Printing House Square trembled to its foundations. [At the Richmond Golf Club, of which Buckle and I are fellow members, men sitting in the smoking-room before lunch will hear an immense roar boom in through the windows from the seventeenth green, a couple of hundred yards away. 'Ah!' they say, 'Buckle has holed his putt.' . . .] I was instructed to write and suggest that Lord Grimthorpe should alter his equivocal signature. I did my most tactful best, yet the old man took it badly. He replied that 'An Old Street Walker' exactly described what he was; he was old and he was a street walker. If certain notorious persons were also described as old street walkers that was no concern of his, and should not, in his judgment, have been the concern of *The Times*. He left the choice of a signature to me, and I, true to my training in Number Seven, put in something dull and safe. London would have been a brighter place if the original signature had appeared.

Another of the duties of the Day Secretary was to send out to the printer a few unimportant foreign telegrams for that rather ridicu-

lous Second Edition of *The Times*, in which I had distinguished myself early in my career at the City Office end. We did not use any telegrams of consequence, lest other papers should lift our exclusive news. One morning, after I had been two or three years at Printing House Square, a slight man of military appearance walked into the secretary's room. I did not remember to have seen him before. I stared, and was about to ask what his business was when he handed me a telegram and said 'Will you please put this into the Second Edition.' I took it, glanced at it, assumed an air of editorial aloofness, and said 'I can't put in a telegram like this without Mr. Bell's permission.' My visitor flushed and retorted quite angrily 'I tell you to put it in.' Then it suddenly flashed upon me that this slight man of military appearance—he was a Colonel of Berkshire Volunteers—was the Governing Proprietor and Hereditary Manager himself! I had seen him once before when I was pushing my undesired services into the City Office. In my terrified embarrassment I stammered out some kind of apology, and he laughed. He really took rather well the remarkable fact that a man who had been for some few years at *The Times* should not know Mr. Walter even by sight. He laughed. 'You did not know me,' he chuckled, and then added triumphantly, 'But I know you; your name is Kitchin.' He had probably been told my name by Moberly Bell five minutes before coming to me. This little incident is typical of the relations between Mr. Walter and the humbler members of his staff. I don't think that I have spoken to him five times during all my years of service in and about Printing House Square. Napoleon, they say, knew all the thousands of soldiers of his Guard by nickname, knew all about their families and their services, and so won their hearts that for long years after his fall he was still the Emperor of their devotion. Mr. Walter offered us few opportunities to begin to become devoted to his service.

Hamilton Fyfe, the Editor's Night Secretary, has had a career of infinite variety and interest. He left *The Times* early in the new century to become Editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, the queerest paper in that home of queer papers—Fleet Street. He tried to teach the licensed victuallers, for whom that organ is published, Art, the Drama, Literature, and the practice of the higher virtues. Meanwhile he neglected to trumpet the Blessings of Beer. Fyfe did not long occupy that first editorial chair of his. When he resigned the job of instilling Beauty into Publicans—no

one but Fyfe in his ardent youth would ever have attempted it—the licensed victuallers decided that their paper did not require any more editors. Fyfe edited the *Daily Mirror* as a penny paper for ladies only. There is this to be said about that extraordinary man the late Lord Northcliffe, that when he did make a failure at running a newspaper it was like Buckle's big laugh; there was no doubt about it. But then no one, except Lord Northcliffe, after failing completely to set on foot a daily penny paper for ladies only, would have turned the *Daily Mirror*, at about ten days' notice, into an illustrated halfpenny daily for the multitude and immediately achieved an immense success with it. One of Lord Northcliffe's young men once let me into the secret of conducting a picture paper for the multitude. 'Fix your eye,' he said, 'on a hairdresser in the Battersea Park Road. Give him the pictures, the jokes, and the snippets of news which he will love to retail to his customers, and there you are. There's a fortune in it.' There was. I wish that Buckle and Moberly Bell had possessed between them a hundredth part of Lord Northcliffe's practical wisdom, while retaining their own high ideals and traditions. Newspapers, unfortunately, cannot exist on high ideals unless there be added to this austere regimen a strong infusion of low practical wisdom.

Fyfe, after ranging over the world as a Special and War Correspondent for the *Daily Mail*, is, at this moment when I write of him, campaigning for the Labour Party as Editor of the *Daily Herald*. I was not surprised when I heard of his appointment to the *Daily Herald*, and quite sincerely congratulated him upon it. He always was an idealist, and the friend of hopeless causes—the kind of man who would buy Russian bonds in the spring of 1917. He must be one of the very few men living who sincerely believe in the Capital Levy. I am not myself a cynic—I am that most unendurable of God's creatures a complacent pessimist—but most of my colleagues of the Press are black cynics, so that a genuine idealist of the Fyfe brand shines gloriously by contrast with us.

What I most enjoyed at Printing House Square in the 'nineties was an occasion to act as deputy to Wynnard Hooper, the Financial Assistant Editor and adviser to the Editor on all high matters of finance. For then I was an 'expert,' a person of much consequence and weight. When the experts of Printing House Square spoke upon matters within their competence, lesser folk like editors, and even assistant editors, instantly accepted their judicial rulings in the humble spirit of the Junior Bar. As deputy to Wynnard

Hooper in the 'nineties I have declared the law and practice of High Finance to Buckle himself, and escaped uninjured; though, when once long ago I tried to land a punch on a far greater expert, Hartley Withers, I had to take the count—knocked out in one round. There were several other experts, all men of much weight in the counsels of the Editor's Room. Commander C. N. Robinson was the standing authority on the Navy—though J. R. Thursfield was of greater account as a leader writer on the higher strategy and tactics of Trafalgar; there were then no recent naval occasions to inspire leaders. Hadden, who excited my youthful wonder by living in the Minorities—I connected that quarter of London with pirates and Execution Dock—Hadden was the ecclesiastical expert to whom every item of news dealing with the clergy or the Church had to be submitted. Hadden was irregularly succeeded by Pearce, now Bishop of Worcester. All these salaried experts, and others on the Editor's string who could be consulted in emergency, were the servants of that religion of accuracy, of which J. B. Capper, with his unending proof sheets, was the High Priest.

It really was a great place, the Printing House Square of the 'nineties. It was my first newspaper office. I admired it then and laughed at it a little—especially at that dustbin of an Outer Sheet. I admire and laugh at it still, though, perhaps, there arises now and then a tear to choke my laughter. It was an absurd place, yet I loved it; and maybe if it had been less absurd I should not have loved it so well or remembered it so vividly. It was my youth; and so many of the men who worked with me there will never work anywhere again.

[At the conclusion of my article in the February issue of CORNHILL, I revealed how much less sure my eye is now than was that of J. B. Capper in days gone by (see p. 497 above). I wrote and allowed to pass in proof a reference to the Walter printing business which was both harsh and unjust to the late Walter brothers. I wish to withdraw the words which I used, and to express publicly to Mr. John Walter—what I have already expressed to him privately—my deep regret that while condemning a bad system, I did injustice to two men, now both dead, who had the misfortune to inherit that system and all its defects.]

(To be continued.)

LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of the CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number: the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And, further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is first opened.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 14.

(The Second of the Series.)

'There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as — ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our —.'

1. 'Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair.'
2. 'When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering — thou !'
3. 'And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two :
She hath no — knight and true.'
4. 'How does the water
Come down at — ?'
5. 'O ! call back —, bid time return.'

RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed above 'Book Notes' on a later page.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back. It is unnecessary to copy the quotations or to send references; solvers who do so must not write them on the same paper as their answers.

5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.

6. Answers to Acrostic No. 14 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than April 23.

ANSWER TO No. 13.

1.	M	alvoli	O
2.	A	floa	T
3.	C	ouc	H
4.	B	olingbrok	E
5.	E	ventfu	L
6.	T	yrre	L
7.	H	er	O

PROEM : *Macbeth*, i. 7.

Othello, v. 2.

LIGHTS :

1. *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5.
2. *Julius Caesar*, iv. 3.
3. *The Tempest*, v. 1.
4. *King Richard II*, i. 3.
5. *As you like it*, ii. 7.
6. *King Richard III*, iv. 2.
7. *Much Ado about Nothing*, iv. 1.

Acrostic No. 12 ('Brabantio Desdemona') was correctly answered by three competitors, two solvers missed 1 light, twelve missed 2 lights, and ninety-five missed more than two. The chief difficulties were found in the third, fourth, fifth, and eighth lights, but every one of the nine claimed some victims.

The monthly prize of books is won by 'Mahatma,' Rev. F. V. Keating, The Presbytery, Lowergate, Clitheroe, Lancs.

Solvers are earnestly requested not to use flimsy paper, and also to avoid all kinds of paper fastener, metallic or other.

RESULT OF THE THIRD SERIES.

Every light in the four acrostics was correctly solved by Caw, Mahatma, and Tuchel, and each of these three solvers wins a prize of £1. One point only was missed by Lilian and Wynell, and they are entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. These five competitors will be ineligible for prizes in the current (fourth) series, unless it should happen that one of them is the only solver who sends a correct answer to an acrostic, in which case he would take the monthly book prize.

The winners are :—Caw, Miss Anderson, 19 Atholl Crescent, Edinburgh; Mahatma, Rev. F. V. Keating, The Presbytery, Lowergate, Clitheroe, Lancs.; Tuchel, Mr. T. Luck, 3 Wiltie Gardens, Folkestone; Lilian, Mrs. M. M. Snow, Northdown Hill School, Cliftonville, Margate; Wynell, Mr. E. W. M. Lloyd, Hartford House, Hartley Wintney, Hants.

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